



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. IV



THE
DRAMATIC WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY S. W. SINGER, F.S.A.

VOLUME IV



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WINTER'S TALE	1
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE	127
KING JOHN	245
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND	359





THE WINTER'S TALE.



WINTER'S TALE



Leontes. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!

ACT II. SC. 3.



THE WINTER'S TALE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of this play is taken from The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia, by Robert Greene, which was first printed in 1588. The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus are of the poet's own creation; and many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

A booke entitled A Winter's Night's Pastime, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1594, but which has not come down to us, may have suggested the title, by which Shakespeare thought the romantic and extraordinary incidents of the play well characterized: he several times in the course of the last act makes one of his characters remark its similarity to *an old tale*. Schlegel has observed that "The Winter's Tale is as appropriately named as the Midsummer Night's Dream. It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, which are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, and which, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, invested with the decoration of a poetry lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, ending at last in general joy; and accordingly Shakespeare has here taken the greatest liberties with anachronisms and geographical errors: he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Julio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic Oracle, not to mention other incongruities."

It is extraordinary that Pope should have thought only some single scenes of this play were from the hand of Shakespeare. It breathes his spirit throughout;—in the serious parts as well as in those of a lighter kind: and who but Shakespeare could have conceived that exquisite pastoral scene in which the loves of Florizel and Perdita are developed? It is indeed a pastoral of the golden age, and Perdita "no Shepherdess, but Flora,

Peering in April's front,"
and breathing flowers, in the spring-tide of youth and beauty.
How gracefully she distributes her emblematic favours! What
language accompanies them! Well may Florizel exclaim:—

"When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever."

The reader re-echoes the sentiment of the lover, and is sorry to
come to the close. With what modest unconscious dignity are
all her words and actions accompanied: even Polixenes, who
looks on her with no favourable eye, says that there is

"nothing she does or says

But smacks of something greater than herself."

The Shepherds and Shepherdess, with whom she has been brought
up, are such as ordinary life affords, and are judicious foils to this
delightful couple of lovers.

The arch roguery and mirthful stratagems of Autolycus are very
amusing, and his character admirably sustained. "The jealousy
of Leontes (says the judicious Schlegel) is not, like that of
Othello, developed with all the causes, symptoms, and gradations;
it is brought forward at once, and is portrayed as a distempered
frenzy. It is a passion which does not produce the catastrophe,
but merely ties the knot of the piece." But it has the same in-
temperate course, is the same soul-goading passion which wrings
a noble nature to acts of revengeful cruelty; at which, under
happier stars, it would have shuddered, and which are no sooner
committed than repented of.

The patient and affecting resignation of the wronged Hermione
under circumstances of the deepest anguish; and the zealous and
courageous remonstrances of the faithful Paulina, have the stamp
of Shakespeare upon them. Indeed I know not what parts of
this drama could be attributed to any even of the most skilful of
his contemporaries. It was perhaps the discrepancies of the plot
(which in fact almost divides it into two plays with an interval
of sixteen years between), and the anachronisms, which made
Dryden* and Pope overlook the beauties of execution in this en-
chanting play.

* Dryden, in the Essay at the end of the second part of the
Conquest of Granada, speaking of the plays of Shakespeare and
Fletcher, says:—"Witness the lameness of their plots; many of
which, especially those which they wrote first (for even that age
refined itself in some measure), were made up of some ridiculous
incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the
business of an age. I suppose I need not name Pericles, nor the
historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as
The Winter's Tale, Love's Labour's Lost, Measure for Measure,
which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so

Malone places the composition of the *Winter's Tale* in 1611, because it was first licensed for representation by Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels, who did not assume the functions of his office until August, 1610. Since then Mr. Cunningham has shown, from an entry in the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," that it was represented at Whitehall, by the King's players, on the 5th of November, 1611; and Dr. Forman, in his Diary, notes that he saw it played at the Globe Theatre, on the 15th of May in the same year. The mention of the "*Puritan* singing psalms to hornpipes" also points at this period, as does another passage which is supposed to be a compliment to James on his escape from the Gowrie Conspiracy. Malone had in former instances placed the date much earlier; first in 1594, and then in 1602. The supposition that Ben Jonson intended a sneer at this play and *The Tempest*, in his Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, has been combated by Mr. Gifford;* but there seems little reason to doubt that the words "Servant monster," "Anticks," "Tales," and "Tempests," applied to these then recent productions of Shakespeare. *Bartholomew Fair* was acted in 1614.

Horace Walpole in his *Historic Doubts* attempts to show that *The Winter's Tale* was intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn; but the ground for his conjecture is so slight as scarcely to deserve attention. Indeed it may be answered that the plot of the play is not the invention of Shakespeare, who therefore cannot be charged with this piece of flattery; if it was intended, it must be attributed to Greene, whose novel was published in 1588. I think with Mr. Boswell that these supposed allusions by Shakespeare to the history of his own time are very much to be doubted.

meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious parts your concernment." Pope, in his Preface to Shakespeare, almost re-echoes this: "I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters or single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, are from the hand of Shakespeare."

* Works of Ben Jonson, Vol. iv. p. 371.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *his Son.*

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS, { *Sicilian Lords.*

CLEOMENES, {

DION,

Another *Sicilian Lord.*

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant *on the young Prince Mamillius.*

Officers of a *Court of Judicature.*

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *his Son.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A *Mariner.*

Jailer.

An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of Perdita.*

Clown, *his Son.*

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*

Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a Lady,* { *attending the Queen.*

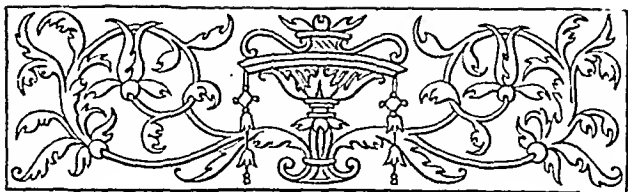
Two other Ladies, {

MOPSA, { *Shepherdesses.*

DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs *for a Dance*;
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*



THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. An Antichamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us : we will be justified in our loves ; for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beseech you,——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.——We will give you sleepy drinks ; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied¹, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast²; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject³, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

¹ *Royally attornied.* Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

² *Over a vast,* i. e. over a wide intervening space. See note on Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2, and The Tempest, Act i. Sc. 2, note 38.

³ *Physicks the subject.* Affords a cordial to the state; has the

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks :
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that¹ may blow
No sneaping² winds at home, to make us say,
*This is put forth too truly*³ ! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

power of assuaging the sense of misery. *Medicine* is used in the same sense in *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Sc. 2 :—

“Great griefs I see *medicine* the less.”

¹ I follow the punctuation of the old copies, which had been altered, certainly not to the elucidation of the passage.

² *Sneaping*, i. e. *nipping*.

³ *This is put forth too truly*, refers to what Polixenes had just said, “I am questioned by my fears,” which make me doubtful of what may happen in my absence from home. Oh that nothing sinister may occur to make me say—“I had too good reason for my fears.”

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To POLIXENES*] I'll
adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest⁴
Prefix'd for's parting . yet, good deed⁵, Leontes,

⁴ *To let* had for its synonymes *to stay* or *stop* ; *to let him there* is *to stay him there*. *Gests* were *scrolls* in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one. Strype says that Cranmer entreated Cecil "To let him have the new resolved upon *gests*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was." It is supposed to be derived from the old French word *giste*.

⁵ *Good deed*, i. e. *indeed*, in *very deed*, in *troth*. *Good deed* is used

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord⁶.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars with
oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily;
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailer then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

in the same sense by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

⁶ Thus the old copies. Mr. Collier, on the authority of a MS. note in Lord Ellesmere's folio, reads, "what lady *should* her lord." But there is a pleasing quaintness in the old reading:—She vows she loves him as dearly as any lady whatever loves her husband.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at th' other : what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill doing, nor dream'd
That any did : Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not Guilty* ; the imposition clear'd⁷,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O ! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us⁸ : for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot⁹ !
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.

⁷ *The imposition clear'd, hereditary ours, i. e. setting aside original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence.*

⁸ To show that *to us* was to be read as one syllable it is printed *to's* in the old copies.

⁹ *Grace to boot.* An exclamation equivalent to *give us grace.* In King Richard III. we have :—

“ Saint George to boot.”

The phrase has been well explained by the author of the *Diversions of Purley*.

Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us¹⁰
As fat as tame things. One good deed, dying tongue-
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, 'would, her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap¹¹ thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

Leon. Too hot, too hot! [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

¹⁰ The old copies print *cram's* and *make's* for *cram us*, and *make us*, indicating that they were to be read as one syllable on account of the metre.

¹¹ *And clap thyself my love.* At entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. So in the old play of *Ram Alley*: "Come, *clap hands*, a match." The custom is not yet disused in common life.

I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;
 But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
 May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom ¹²,
 And well become the agent : it may, I grant :
 But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are : and making practis'd smiles,
 As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The mort o' the deer ¹³ ; O ! that is entertainment !
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
 Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks ?

Why, that's my bawcock ¹⁴. What ! hast smutch'd
 thy nose ?—

They say, it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf !
 Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling ¹⁵

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf !
 Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

¹² The old copy has, "from bounty, fertile bosom." I think with Malone that a letter has been omitted.

¹³ *The mort o' the deer*, i. e. *the death of the deer*. The *mort* was also certain notes played on the horn at the death of the deer, and requiring a deep-drawn breath.

¹⁴ *Bawcock*. A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from *beau-cog*, or *boy-cock*. It occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, and in *King Henry V.* and in both places is coupled with *chuck* or *chick*. It is said that *bra'cock* is still used in Scotland.

¹⁵ *Still virginalling*, i. e. *still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals*. *Virginals* were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resemble in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte. *Spineto* and *espinette* are rendered in the Dictionaries by a *paire of virginalles* ; this was the common term, as the organ was sometimes called a *pair of organs*.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have¹⁶,

To be full like me: yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing. But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks¹⁷, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin¹⁸ eye. Sweet villain
Most dear'st my collop¹⁹!—Can thy dam?—may't
be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre²⁰:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;

¹⁶ *A rough pash*, i. e. *thou wantest a rough head, and the budding horns that I have.* A *pash* in some places denoting a young bull calf whose horns are springing; a *mad pash*, a mad brained boy.

¹⁷ *False as o'er-dyed blacks*, i. e. *old faded stuffs of other colours dyed black.* Steevens thought that *false* does not relate to the re-dyed stuffs, but to the falsehoods of those who wore *black* to simulate mourning for the dead. He cites the following passage from "The Old Law," by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, in support of this view of the passage:—

"Blacks, are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to't, it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows,
I would not hear of blacks."

¹⁸ *Welkin* is *blue*, i. e. *the colour of the welkin or sky.* Tooke says, a rolling eye, from the Saxon *wealcan*, volve; but the sense in which Shakespeare always uses the word is against him.

¹⁹ *Most dear'st! my collop.* In King Henry VI. Part 1. we have:—

"God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh."

It is given as a proverbial phrase in Heywood's Epigrams, 1566:—

"For I have heard saie it is a deere collup
That is cut out of th' owne flesh."

²⁰ *Affection* here means *sympathy.* *Intention* is *intenseness.* The *centre* is the solid globe conceived as the centre of the universe. (See Act ii. Sc. 1, note 11.) The allusion is to the powers ascribed to sympathy between the human system and all nature, however remote or occult. Hence Leontes, like Othello, finds in his very agitation a proof that it corresponds not with a fancy but a reality. And that beyond commission, i. e. it is very credent that

Communicat'st with dreams ;—(how can this be ?)—
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing : Then, 'tis very credent²¹,
 Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou dost ;
 (And that beyond commission,) and I find it ;
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How now²², my lord ?

Leon. What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction :

Are you mov'd, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, my thoughts^a I did recoil

Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash²³, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money²⁴ ?

sympathy shall betray a crime to the injured person, not only at the time of commission, but even after—beyond the time of commission.

²¹ *Credent*, i. e. *credible*.

²² In the old copies, *now* is omitted in this line. The correction is made in my second folio.

^a The folio has "*methoughts* I did recoil." The alteration is by Mr. Collier, from a MS. correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio.

²³ *This squash*, i. e. *an immature pea-pod*. In *Twelfth Night* we have :—

"As a *squash* before it is a *peascod*," &c.

²⁴ *Will you take eggs for money* ? A proverbial phrase for putting up with an affront, or being cajoled or imposed upon.

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole²⁵!—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December ;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent²⁶ to my heart. "

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden ; shall's^a attend you there.

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be
found,
Be you beneath the sky :—[*Aside. Observing POLIX-
ENES and HERMIONE.*—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to !
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
And arms her with the boldness of a wife

²⁵ *Happy man be his dole*, i. e. *may happiness be his portion* ! See *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Taming of the Shrew*. So in Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 136, ed. 1737, "happy man, happy dole, or happy man by his dole."

²⁶ *Apparent* is here used in the sense of the O. Fr. *apparenté*, of kin or near kinsman unto. The heir *apparent* is the next of kin. Leonato therefore means to say, my young rover is "next to my heart." In Nicot, *Parenté* is consanguinity, *proximity*.

^a *Shall's*. This abbreviation is not unusual ; in modern phraseology it would be *shall we*.

To her allowing husband ! Gone already !

[*Exeunt* POL. HER. and Attendants.

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd
one²⁷ !——

Go play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have
been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates ; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none ;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south : Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly ; know it ;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's²⁸
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy ?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What ! Camillo there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest
man.—

[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.

²⁷ *A fork'd one, i. e. a horned one, a cuckold.*

²⁸ *Many thousand on's.* This would now be considered a vulgarism. But the license taken by Malone in altering it is quite inadmissible. *On* was frequently used for *of* and *of* for *on*, and it is here characteristic of the tone of the speaker.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold :
When you cast out, it still came home²⁹.

Leon. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it ?—

They're here with me already³⁰ : whispering, round-
ing,

Sicilia is a so-forth ! 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust³¹ it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't : good, should be per-
tinent ;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine ?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks :—Not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures ? by some severals

Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes³²,

Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand

²⁹ *It still came home*, a nautical term, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold*.

³⁰ *They're here with me already*, i. e. not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers. *To round in the ear* was to tell secretly, to whisper.

³¹ *Gust it last*, i. e. *taste it last : be the last to perceive it :—*

“*Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus.*”

Juv. Sat. x.

³² *Lower messes* is here put for *degrees, conditions*. The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into *higher and lower messes*. Those of lower condition sitting below the great standing salt in the centre of the table. Sometimes the *messes* were served at different tables, and seem to have been arranged in *fours*, whence the word came to express four in vulgar speech—“*a messe (vulgairement) le nombre de quatre.*”—*Sherwood's Dict.* 1632.

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon.

Ha !

Cam.

Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon.

Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress ?——satisfy ?——

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom : I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd ; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam.

Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon't^a, thou art not honest : or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
Which hoxes³³ honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd. Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent ; or else a fool,
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam.

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously

^a To bide upon't is equivalent to *rest assured*, or be certain of any thing. It is still in use provincially ; no phrase is more common than " for sartin, you may bide on't."

³³ To hox is to hamstring, the word is now written *hough*.

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance³⁴, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord.
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of : but, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage : if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
 (But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard,
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute), or thought,—(for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think³⁵)—
 My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought), then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse ; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less

³⁴ *Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance.*

This is expressed obscurely, but seems to mean "the execution of which (*when done*) cried out against the non-performance of it before ;" or, the non-performance of which was impeached afterwards by the crying reasons that favoured its execution.

³⁵ Leontes means to say, "Have you not thought that my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in that man that does not think *my wife is slippery* ?)" The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it.

Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true³⁶.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web³⁷, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is: you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass³⁸.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal³⁹,
hanging

³⁶ To reiterate your accusation of her would be as great a sin as that (if committed) of which you accuse her.

³⁷ The pin and web is the cataract in an early stage. See King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4.

³⁸ One glass, i. e. one hour.

³⁹ Thus the old copy; later editors have *his*. The allusion is

About his neck, Bohemia : Who—if I
 Had servants true about me : that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,
 Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
 Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou,
 His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
 Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who may'st see
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
 How I am gall'd,—might'st bespice a cup⁴⁰,
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
 Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam.

Sir, my lord,

I could do this : and that with no rash⁴¹ potion,
 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
 Maliciously like poison : But I cannot
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
 So sovereignly being honourable.
 I have lov'd thee,——

Leon.

Make that thy question, and go rot⁴²!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
 To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
 Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
 (Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine)

to the custom of wearing a medallion or jewel appended to a ribbon about the neck. Thus in Gervase Markham's *Honour in Perfection*, 1624, "he hath *hung about the neck* of his kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, *like a rich jewel*."

⁴⁰ *Bespice a cup.* So in Chapman's Translation of the tenth book of the *Odyssey*:—

"With a festival

She'll first receive thee; but will *spice* thy bread

With flowery *poisons*."

⁴¹ *Rash* is *hasty*; as in King Henry IV. Part II. "*rash* gun-powder." *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*.

⁴² Make that (i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is a clear point) a subject of doubt, and go rot!

Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
 Could man so blench⁴³?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
 I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
 Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
 Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
 The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
 Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
 Even so as I mine own course have set down:
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
 Go then; and with a countenance as clear
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
 And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,
 Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
 Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.
 [Exit.]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
 What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
 Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
 Is the obedience to a master; one,
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
 All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
 Promotion follows: If I could find example
 Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,

⁴³ To blench is to start off, to shrink. Thus in Hamlet:—

“If he do blench,

I know my course.”

Leontes means, could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour?

And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?——
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliment ; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ? do not ! Do you know, and
dare not
Be intelligent to me ? 'Tis thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must ;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too : for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol.

How caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk :

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,——

As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto

Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns

Our gentry^a than our parents' noble names,In whose success we are gentle⁴⁴,—I beseech you,

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not

In ignorant concealment.

Cam.

I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !

I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,

Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare

What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;

Which way to be prevented, if to be ;

If not, how best to bear it.

Cam.

Sir, I will tell you ;

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him

That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my counsel ;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as

I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me

Cry, *lost*, and so good night.*Pol.*

On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.*Pol.* By whom, Camillo ?*Cam.*

By the king.

Pol.

For what ?

^a *Gentry*, i. e. *estate or degree as gentlemen*. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, "alter the article of *gentry* by being knighted."

⁴⁴ *Success*, for *succession*. *Gentle*, well born, was opposed to *simple*.

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice⁴⁵ you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the Best⁴⁶!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over⁴⁷
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put

⁴⁵ *To vice you to't*, i. e. *to screw or move you to it*. A *vice* in Shakespeare's time meant any kind of winding screw. The *vice* of a clock was a common expression.

⁴⁶ *That is Judas*. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was:—"let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

⁴⁷ *Swear his thought over*. The meaning apparently is "over-swear his thought by," &c

My fortunes to your service, which are here
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain :
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
 Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol.

I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand ;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine⁴⁸. My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago.—This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
 Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive,
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him ; why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me ;
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion⁴⁹ ! Come, Camillo ;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴⁸ *Thy places shall still neighbour mine, i. e. I will place thee in elevated rank always near to my own in dignity, or near my person.*

⁴⁹ This passage is very obscure, and probably corrupt. I have sometimes thought that we should read :—

“ God comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.”

Perhaps the passage as it is will bear this construction :—“ Good expedition be my friend, and *may my absence* bring comfort to the gracious queen who is part of his theme, but *who knows* nothing, is entirely guiltless, of his unjust suspicion.”

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Sicilia.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best ; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you¹ this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye :
The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

¹ *You* is not in the old copy.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;
Yond' crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure²! in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider³ steep'd, and one may drink, depart⁴,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

² Censure, i. e. judgment.

³ Spiders were esteemed poisonous in our author's time

⁴ Depart, i. e. go away.

With violent hefts⁵.—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
 Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—
 There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
 All's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
 He has discover'd my design, and I
 Remain a pinch'd thing⁶ ; yea, a very trick
 For them to play at will :—How came the posterns
 So easily open ?

1 *Lord*. By his great authority ;
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
 On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.——
 Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse him :
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
 Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
 her.

Away with him :—and let her sport herself
 With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
 Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
 And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
 Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
 To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
 'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable :
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,
 (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight

⁵ *Hefts*, i. e. *heavings*, things which are heaved up.

⁶ *A pinch'd thing*, i. e. *a thing pinched*, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. This interpretation is countenanced by the manner in which showmen move their puppets by pinching them with the finger and thumb.

The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands;
 That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
 That mercy does ; for calumny will sear⁷
 Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
 Ere you can say *she's honest* : But be it known,
 From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She's an adultrass.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain : you; my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,
 She's an adultrass ; I have said with whom :
 More, she's a traitor ! and Camillo is
 A federary⁸ with her ; and one that knows
 What she should shame to know herself,
 But⁹ with her most vile principal, that she's
 A bed-swerger, even as bad as those
 That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

⁷ For *calumny will sear*, i. e. *will brand it*. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—"My maiden's name *sear'd* otherwise."

⁸ *Federary*. This word, which is probably of the poet's own invention, is used for *confederate*, *accomplice*. It may be only the printer's error for *feodary*, which occurs in *Cymbeline*, and in *Measure for Measure*.

⁹ One that knows what she should be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it was shared *but with* her paramour. It is the use of *but* for *be-out* (*only*, according to Malone) that obscures the sense.

Privy to none of this : How will this grieve you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leon. No, no¹⁰; if I mistake
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The centre is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top¹¹.—Away with her to prison :
 He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
 But that he speaks¹².

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
 I must be patient, till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown : 'Beseech you all, my lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so
 The king's will be perform'd !

Leon. Shall I be heard ?

[*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't that goes with me ?—'Beseech your
 highness,
 My women may be with me ; for, you see,

¹⁰ The reduplication of *no* is not in the old copy.

¹¹ *The centre is not big enough to bear*

A school-boy's top.

i. e. *no foundation can be trusted.* Milton has expressed the same thought in more exalted language :—

"If this fail,

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble."

¹² *He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,
 But that he speaks.*

i. e. *He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.*

My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;
 There is no cause : when you shall know your mistress
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
 As I come out : this action, I now go on,
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :
 I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence !

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your justice
 Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,
 Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.*

For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
 Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
 I' the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,
 In this which you accuse her.

Ant.

If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables¹³ where
 I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
 Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her ;
 For every inch of woman in the world,
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
 If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces !

1 *Lord.*

Good my lord.—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
 You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
 That will be damn'd for't ; 'would, I knew the villain,
 I would land-damn¹⁴ him : Be she honour-flaw'd,—

¹³ Much has been said about this passage, but it may be explained thus:—"If she prove false, I'll make my stable or kennel of my wife's chamber ; allow her no more liberty than my horses ; I'll go in couples with her like a dog, and never leave her for a moment ; trust her no further than I can feel and see her."

¹⁴ *I would land-damn him.* Johnson interprets this: "I will

I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
 The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine honour
 I'll geld 'em all ; fourteen they shall not see,
 To bring false generations ; they are coheirs ;
 And I had rather glib myself, than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease ! no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose : but I do see't, and feel't,
 As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
 The instruments that feel¹⁵.

Ant. If it be so,
 We need no grave to bury honesty ;
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What ! lack I credit ?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
 Upon this ground : and more it would content me
 To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
 Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
 Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
 Our forceful instigation. Our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
 Imparts this : which,—if you (or stupified,
 Or seeming so in skill¹⁶) cannot, or will not,

damn or condemn him to quit the land." It may have meant to encompass him by land, ensnare him : and then it should be printed *land-damm* : we have words of the same formation, as *land-locht*, &c. Warner, in his *Albion's England*, has "country louts *land-lurch* their lords." Mr. Collier adverts to *lamback*, in the sense of to beat. Farmer suggested *laudanum* him !

¹⁵ I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, Antigonus, *now* feel my doing this *to you*, and *as you now see* the instruments that feel, i. e. *my fingers*. Leontes must here be supposed to touch or lay hold of Antigonus.

¹⁶ *In skill*, i. e. *by design, intentionally*. The word occurs in the same sense in the 4th Act.

Relish as¹⁷ truth, like us ; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation¹⁸,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding :
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency¹⁹: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;

¹⁷ The old copies read *a* truth. Rowe made the correction.

¹⁸ *Approbation*, i. e. *proof*. That wanted nothing but proof to be seen.

¹⁹ *Of stuff'd sufficiency*, i. e. *of abilities more than sufficient*.

We are to speak in publick : for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Let him have knowledge who I am,—Good lady !
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailer.

You know me, do you not ?

Jailer. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Jailer. I may not, madam ; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors !—Is't lawful,
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?
Emilia ?

Jailer. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*

Jailer. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Jailer*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Jailer, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady ?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter ; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in't : says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn :
These dangerous unsafe lunes¹ i'the king ! beshrew
them !

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister ;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more :—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest : We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand : Please your ladyship

¹ *Lunes.* This word has not been found in any other English writer ; but it is used in old French for *frenzy*, *lunacy*, *folly*. A similar expression occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608 :—"I know it was but some peevish *moon* in him." In *As You Like It*, we have the expression, a *moonish* youth.

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : Please you, come something nearer.

Jailer. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
This child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd : not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Jailer. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest : It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being ;—part o'the cause,
She, the adultress ;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank

And level² of my brain, plot-proof: but she
 I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
 Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 *Attend.*

My lord!

[*Advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Attend.*

He took good rest to-night;
 'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon.

To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely³:—go,
 See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fie, fie! no
 thought of him⁴;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
 And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
 Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 *Lord.*

You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!

² *Blank* and *level* mean *mark* and *aim*, or *direction*. They are terms of gunnery. See note 7, p. 50, of this play. Thus also in *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—

“As *level* as the cannon to his *blank*.”

³ *Leave me solely*, i. e. *leave me alone*.

⁴ *Him* refers to Polixenes. Mr. Collier says that Coleridge, in his lectures in 1815, called this, “an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, without any apparent interval!”

Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;
More free⁵, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as medicinal as true ;
Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How ?——

Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me ;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What ! can'st not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can : in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear !
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

⁵ *Free*, i. e. *chaste*. See Twelfth Night, Act ii. Sc. 4, and Measure for Measure, Act i. Sc. 2.

Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares
 Less appear so, in comforting your evils⁶,
 Than such as most seem yours :—I say, I come
 From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say,
 good queen ;
 And would by combat make her good, so were I
 A man, the worst⁷ about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
 First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;
 But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
 For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;
 Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

Leon. Out !

A mankind⁸ witch ? Hence with her, out o'door :
 A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
 In so entitling me : and no less honest
 Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—
 Thou dotard [*To ANTIGONUS*], thou art woman-
 tir'd⁹, unroosted

⁶ *In comforting your evils.* To comfort, in old language, is to aid, to encourage. Evils here mean wicked courses.

⁷ *The worst, i. e. the weakest, or least warlike.*

⁸ *A mankind witch.* In Junius's Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *Virago* is interpreted "A manly woman, or a mankind woman." Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.

⁹ *Woman-tir'd, i. e. hen-pecked.* To tire in Falconry is to tear with the beak. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story of Reynard the Fox.

By thy dame Partlet here :—take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone¹⁰.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced¹¹ baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would you did ; then, 'twere past all
doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I ; nor any,
But one, that's here ; and that's himself : for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's¹² ; and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat¹³

Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me !—This brat is none of mine ;
It is the issue of Polixenes :

¹⁰ A *crone* was originally a toothless *old ewe* ; and thence became a term of contempt for an *old woman*.

¹¹ *Forced* is *false* ; uttered with violence to truth. *Baseness* for *bastardy* ; we still say *base born*.

¹² *Whose sting is sharper than the sword's*. So in *Cymbeline* :—
“Slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.”

¹³ A *callat*, or *callet*, is a *trull*. Its etymology is uncertain. Skinner derives it from “*calotte*, a coife or half kerchief for a woman ;” and Cotgrave says, “a little light-cap, or night-cap, worn under a hat. Perhaps such head-gear was formerly worn by loose women.”

Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours ;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek ; his smiles ;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger :—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow¹⁴ in't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !

Leon. A gross hag !—
And, lozel¹⁵, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not :

It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

¹⁴ No yellow, i. e. the colour of jealousy.

¹⁵ Lozel, i. e. a worthless person ; one lost to all goodness. From the Saxon *Losian*, to perish, to be lost. *Lorel*, *lozel*, *losliche*, are all of the same family.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word, 'tis done
(And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father ? Better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
 It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither ;

[*To* ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life :—for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's gray¹⁶,—what will you adven-
 ture

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible : Swear by this sword¹⁷,
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou ; for the fail
 Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife ;
 Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection,
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—

¹⁶ Leontes must mean the beard of Antigonus, who had been ordered to approach. He himself tells us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, of course his age must be under thirty, and his own beard would hardly be gray. Antigonus is afterwards spoken of by the Shepherd as an old gentleman.

¹⁷ It was anciently a practice to swear by the cross at the hilt of a sword.

On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require ! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss¹⁸ !

[*Exit, with the Child.*

Leon.

No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon.

Twenty-three days
They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ; foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.


¹⁸ *Condemn'd to loss*, i. e. to exposure, or to be lost or dropped.
Antigonus repeats the word in the third Act :—

"Poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow."

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. A Street in some Town.**Enter CLEOMENES and DION.**Cleomenes.*

 HE climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
 Fertile the isle¹ ; the temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits
 (Methinks, I so should term them), and the reverence
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i'the offering !

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
 And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
 Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so !—
 As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
 The time is worth the use on't².

Cleo. Great Apollo,
 Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
 So forcing faults upon Hermione,
 I little like.

¹ Warburton has remarked that the temple of Apollo was at *Delphi*, which was not an island. But Shakespeare little regarded geographical accuracy. He followed Greene's *Dorastus* and *Faunia*, in which it is called the *isle* of Delphos. There was a temple of Apollo in the isle of *Delos*.

² *The time is worth the use on't* ; that is, *the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it.* Thus in Florio's Translation of Montaigne, 1603 : "The common saying is, the time we live is worth the money we pay for it."

Dion. The violent carriage of it
 Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
 ('Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
 Shall the contents discover, something rare,
 Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
 horses;—
 And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same: A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly
 seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
 Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
 The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
 Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
 Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
 Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
 Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
 Appear in person here in court.—Silence!^a

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and
 Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the

^a The word *Silence* is printed as a stage-direction in the first folio.

*pretence*¹ whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation ; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself ; it shall scarce boot me To say, *Not guilty* : mine integrity, Being counted falsehood², shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine Behold our human actions (as they do), I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know (Who least will seem to do so), my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy ; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd, And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me,— A fellow of the royal bed, which owe³ A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare⁴ : for honour,

¹ *The pretence, i. e. the design.* Shakespeare often used the word for *design* or *intention*. So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* : “publisher of this *pretence*.” And in *Macbeth* :—

“Against the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight
Of treason's malice.”

² i. e. my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*.

³ Which owe, i. e. own, possess.

⁴ I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I would willingly spare. The succeeding sentiment, which is probably derived from *Ecclesiasticus* iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind : “The glory of a man is from the honour of his father ; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach to her children.”

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus⁵: if one jot beyond
 The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
 That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry, *Fie!* upon my grave.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of these bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
 Than to perform it first⁶.

Her. That's true enough;
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
 (With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,
 I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
 With such a kind of love, as might become

⁵ *Encounter so uncurrent*, i. e. *behaviour so unusual* in the same sense as *rencontre* in French. Thus also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2:—

"*Encounters armed are against your peace.*"

Strain'd means *swerv'd*, or *gone astray from the line of duty*. So in *Romco and Juliet*:—

"Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,
 Revolts."

To appear thus is to seem guilty.

⁶ Originally in our language, two negatives did not necessarily affirm, but might in cases only strengthen the negation. Examples of similar phraseology occur in several of our author's plays, and even in the first act of this very drama: in this passage, Johnson observes that, according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*.

A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you and toward your friend ; whose love had spoke
 Even since it could speak, from an infant freely,
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd
 For me to try how : all I know of it,
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
 And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
 What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
 You speak a language that I understand not :
 My life stands in the level⁷ of your dreams,
 Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams ;
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dream'd it :—As you were past all shame
 (Those of your fact⁸ are so), so past all truth :
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails : for as⁹

⁷ *My life stands in the level of your dreams.* See note 2, p. 38.
 To stand within the *level* of a gun is to stand in a direct line with
 its mouth, and in danger of being hurt by its discharge. This
 expression often occurs in Shakespeare ; take one instance from
 K. Henry VIII. Act i. Se. 2 :—

“ I stood i'the *level*
 Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
 To you that chok'd it.”

⁸ *As you were past all shame*
 (*Those of your fact are so*), so past all truth.
i. e. they who have done like you. Shakespeare had this from
 Dorastus and Faunia ; “ it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous
 crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had
 passed all shame in committing the fault.”

⁹ It is your *business* to deny this charge ; but the mere denial
 will be useless, will prove nothing.

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee, than it), so thou
 Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her.

Sir, spare your threats ;

The bug¹⁰, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity :

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went : My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily¹¹, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion.—Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit.¹² Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No ! life,
 I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour
 (Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle ;

¹⁰ *Bug*, i. e. *bugbear*.

¹¹ *Starr'd most unluckily*, i. e. *ill starred* ; born under an inauspicious planet.

¹² *Limit* is *confinement*. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

“Stony limits cannot hold love out.”

Strength of limit, is the degree of strength required for going abroad after child-bearing, for quitting the limits.

Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness¹³ of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found*¹⁴.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Offi. Ay, my lord ; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle :

¹³ *The flatness of my misery, that is absoluteness, the completeness of my misery.* So Milton, P. L. b. ii :—

“ Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair.”

¹⁴ This is almost literally from Greene's novel.

The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it :
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed¹⁵, is gone.

Leon. How ! gone ?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*

How now there ?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence ;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;
New woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo ;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes : which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done : he, most humane,

¹⁵ *The queen's speed, i. e. how the queen would speed at the trial.*
We still say, he sped well or ill.

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
 Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great ; and to the hazard¹⁶
 Of all incertainties himself commended¹⁷,
 No richer than his honour.—How he glisters
 Thorough my rust¹⁸ ! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker¹⁹ !

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul.

Woe the while !

O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,
 Break too !

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
 What wheels ? racks ? fires ? What flaying ? boiling
 In leads or oils ? what old, or newer torture
 Must I receive ; whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies,—
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine !—O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant²⁰,

¹⁶ The second folio reads "*certain hazard.*"

¹⁷ To *commend* is to *commit* ; he *committed* himself to the hazard of uncertainties.

¹⁸ The second folio, "Through my *dark* rust," on account of the metre, but *through* was often pronounced *thorough*, and frequently so spelled.

¹⁹ This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

²⁰ The old reading

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant

Theobald proposed to read :—

"That did but show thee of a *soul* inconstant."

The old reading has been defended by Johnson, and by Steevens,

And damnable²¹ ungrateful : nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour²²,
To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little ; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't²³ :
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe !—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead ; and vengeance
for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord.

The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor
oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee

but the slight change I have made makes all clear, and is warranted by the use of a similar phrase in Act v. Sc. 3:—

"I like your silence, it the more *shows off* Your wonder."

Coleridge also defends the old reading, and explains it: "Show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy."

²¹ *Damnable* is used here adverbially. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—" 'Tis not meant *damnable* in us."

²² The poet forgot that Paulina was absent during the king's self-accusation.

²³ i. e. would have wept though in hell.

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon.

Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord.

Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul.

I am sorry for't ;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
At my petition²⁴, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon.

Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit

²⁴ Thus the old copies, but we should possibly read " at my relation."

The chapel where they lie : and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Babe ; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect¹ then, our ship hath touch'd
upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get aboard :
Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
Too far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe :—
I have heard, (but not believ'd), the spirits of the dead
May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;

¹ Perfect, i. e. well assured.

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming²: in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep³, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prythee, call't; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 'This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death: and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie; and there thy character⁴: there these;

[*Laying down a Bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

² It has been proposed to substitute *o'er-running* for *becoming*, which would spoil an image of rare beauty. Antigonus describes an expression which only the greatest masters have realized in art: grief the most poignant rather enhancing the beauty of a countenance than deforming it.

³ Thus the old copy. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *wend*.

⁴ *Thy character*, i. e. description. The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.

And still rest thine.—The storm begins :—Poor wretch!

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow.—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds ; and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell !
The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough : I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour⁵!—
Well may I get aboard !—This is the chase ;
I am gone for ever. *[Exit, pursued by a Bear.]*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty ; or that youth would sleep out the rest : for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now !—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather ? They have scarr'd away two of my best sheep ; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the maister : if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy⁶. Good luck, an't be thy will ! what have we here ? *[Taking up the Child.]* Mercy on's, a barne ; a very pretty barne ! A boy, or a child⁷, I wonder ? A pretty one ; a very pretty one : Sure some scape : though I am not bookish, yet I can read

⁵ *A savage clamour.* This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters ; then seeing the bear, he cries *this is the chase*, i. e. *the animal pursued*.

⁶ This is from the novel. It is there said to be "*sea ivie*, on which they do greatly feed."

⁷ *A barne.* This word is still in use in the northern dialects for a *child*. It is supposed to be derived from *born*, things born seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. Steevens says that he had been told "that in some of our inland counties a *child* signified a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a male one ;" but the assertion wants confirmation, and we may rather refer this use of it to the simplicity of the shepherd

waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stairwork, some trunk-work, some behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hillos, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone! how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd⁸ it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

⁸ *Flap-dragon'd it*, i. e. *swallowed it*, as our ancient toppers swallowed flap-dragons. In *Love's Labour's Lost* we have, "Thou art easier swallowed than a *flap-dragon*." See vol. ii. page 258, note 8.

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by, to have helped the old man⁹!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth¹⁰ for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies: this is some changeling¹¹.—Open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made¹² old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next¹³ way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secresy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll

⁹ Shakespeare, who knew that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the shepherd, who had never seen him.

¹⁰ A *bearing-cloth* is the mantle of fine cloth in which a child was carried to be baptized.

¹¹ A *changeling*. Some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

¹² The old copies read *mad*. The emendation is Theobald's.

¹³ *The next way*, i. e. *the nearest, shortest, readiest*, a contraction of *nighest* or *neghest*, *neh'st*. It is still current in German:—"Dies ist der *nachste* weg, der *Kurzest*, oder *geradest*." See First Part of K. Henry IV. Act iii. Sc. 1.

go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst¹⁴, but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed; If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.


Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time.

 — THAT please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error¹,—

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years², and leave the growth untried

¹⁴ *Curst* here signifies *mischievous*. The old adage says, "*Curst* cows have short horns."

¹ *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it.

² It is certain that Shakespeare was well acquainted with the laws of the drama, as they are called, but disregarded, nay, wilfully departed from them, and "snatch'd a grace beyond the reach of art." His productions are not therefore to be tried by such laws. The German critics, with Schlegel at their head, have shown the essential difference between the *classic* and the *romantic* drama, and that the latter ought not, nor could not be confined to the unities. It is remarkable that George Whetstone in the Dedication of his *Promos* and *Cassandra*, which Shakespeare used as the groundwork of *Measure for Measure*, has pointed at

Of that wide gap³. Since it is in my power
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom, let me pass
 The same I am. Ere ancient'st order was,
 Or what is now received, I witness'd to
 The times that brought them in; so shall I do
 To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
 The glistering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
 That he shuts up himself; imagine me⁴,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
 I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
 I now name to you; and with speed so pace
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
 Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
 I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
 daughter,

this violation of the rules in the English drama in strong terms:—
 “The Englishman in this qualitie is most vaine, indiscreet, and
 out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then
 in three houres ronnes he thorowe the worlde: marryes, gets
 children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder
 monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils
 from hell,” &c.

³ *And leave the growth untried of that wide gap*, i. e. *leave unex-*
amined the progress of the intermediate time which filled up the gap
in Perdita's story. The reasoning of *Time*, therefore, is very clear;
 he pleads, that he who overthrows every thing, and makes as
 well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of custom,
 as they are made by him. The whole had been rendered obscure
 by erroneous punctuation; the only change required besides, is to
 read *witness'd*, instead of *witness* of the old copies.

⁴ *Imagine me*, i. e. *imagine with me.* It is a French idiom which
 Shakespeare has played upon in the *Taming of the Shrew*. And
 Falstaff speaking of sack, in *K. Henry IV.* says:—

“It ascends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there,” &c.

And what to her adheres, which follows after
Is th' argument⁵ of time : Of this allow⁶,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing ; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country : though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me : to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so ; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done ; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships¹. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more ; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent,

⁵ *Argument, subject.*

⁶ *Allow, i. e. approve.*

¹ *Heaping friendships, i. e. friendly offices.*

as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince : What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown : but I have missingly noted², he is of late much retired from court ; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness : from whom I have this intelligence ; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence ; but, I fear the angle³ that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place ; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

² *Missingly noted*, i. e. *observed at intervals*. I incline to read *musingly*, with Hanmer, as Mason proposed.

³ *Angle* is here used for the bait, or line and hook, that draws his son like a fish away. So in *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2 :—

“Throws out his *angle* for my proper life.”

Hamlet is rendered “a fisher with the *angle*” in the dictionaries.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS¹, very ragged; singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale².

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging³ tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king,

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay:—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts⁴,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore

¹ Autolycus was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father.

"Non fuit Autolyci tam peccata manus."—*Martial*.
See also *Homer's Odyssey*, Book xix.

² i. e. the red, the spring blood now reigns over the parts lately under the dominion of winter. A double sense may be intended, referring to the pale colours of winter. A pale was a division, a place set apart from another, as the English *pale*, the *pale* of the Church. The words *pale* and *red* were used for the sake of the antithesis. The glow of spring reigns over the paleness of winter.

³ A puggard was a cant name for some kind of thief. In the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, we have—

"Cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, puggards," &c.

Pugging is used by Greene in one of his pieces.

⁴ *Aunt* was a cant word for a trull, or loose woman. Torriano, after having thus defined the word *Mozzina*, adds, "One of my aunts, the English are wont to say."

three-pile⁵; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen⁶. My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison^a; and my revenue is the silly cheat⁷: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Cl. Let me see;—Every 'leven wether—tods⁸; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Cl. I cannot do't without counters⁹.—Let me see;

⁵ *Three-pile*, i. e. *rich velvet*, so called. See *Measure for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 2, note 3. In the fourth act of the same play, a mercer is called Master *Three-pile*.

⁶ Autolycus means that his practice was to *steal* sheets; leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will sometimes carry it off to line their nests.

^a i. e. *this ragged costume*, as alluded to presently.

⁷ *The silly cheat* is one of the slang terms belonging to *coney-catching* or *thievery*. It is supposed to have meant *picking of pockets*.

⁸ Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20s. or 22s. in 1581.

⁹ *Counters* were circular pieces of base metal, anciently used by the illiterate to adjust their reckonings.

what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means¹⁰ and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes¹¹. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies¹²; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, seven; a *race*, or two, of *ginger*; but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes*, and as many of *raisins o'the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I'the name of me——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

¹⁰ Means are tenors.

¹¹ *Sings psalms to hornpipes.* It should seem, if the Clown does not misrepresent the Puritans, that they anticipated the *Geneva jigs* of later times; and, like Rowland Hill, thought it a pity that the devil should have all the best of the music.

¹² *Wardens* are a large sort of pear, called in French *Poires de Garde*, because, being a late hard pear, they may be kept very long: It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wearden*, to preserve. They are now called *baking-pears*, and are generally coloured with *cochineal* instead of *saffron* as of old.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart¹³.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my dames¹⁴: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

¹³ Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says:—"The king has kill'd his heart."

¹⁴ *Trol-my dames.* The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house. The game is still familiar as *Bagatelle*. In Jones's Treatise on Buckstone Bathes—"The ladies, &c. if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits: the pastime troule in madame is called." It is a corruption of *trou-madame*; and was also called *trunkes*, according to Cotgrave.

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide¹⁵.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compass'd a motion¹⁶ of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him ! Prig¹⁷, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir !—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove

¹⁵ *Abide*, i. e. only sojourn, or dwell for a time.

¹⁶ *He compassed a motion*, &c. i. e. he obtained a puppet-show, &c.

¹⁷ *Prig*, another cant phrase for the order of thieves. Harman in his *Caveat for Cursetor*, 1573, calls a horse-stealer "a prigger of prancers ; for to *prigge* in their language is to steal."

sheep, let me be unroll'd¹⁸, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent¹⁹ the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE III¹. *The same.* A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess, but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir², my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes³, it not becomes me ;
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark⁴ o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike prank'd up : But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired ; swoon, I think,

¹⁸ *Let me be unrolled, i. e. dismissed from the society of rogues.*

¹⁹ *To hent the stile, is to take the stile.* It comes from the Saxon *hentan*. These lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote for Melancholy*, 1661, 4to.

¹ This is called *Scena Quarta* in the old copies, the two previous scenes *Secund* and *Tertia* the prologue of Time being accounted the first.

² Mr. Collier's second folio reads *Sure* for *Sir*.

³ i. e. *the extravagance* of his conduct in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he *pranked her up most goddesslike*.

⁴ *The gracious mark of the land is, the object of all men's notice and expectation.*

To show myself a glass⁵.

Flo.

I bless the time,

When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per.

Now Jove afford you cause!

To me, the difference⁶ forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo.

Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them⁷: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per.

O but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,

⁵ "Sworne, I think, to show myself a glass," is the reading of the old copy, but there seems to me no doubt that we should read with Hanmer, "swoon, I think, to show myself a glass." Malone's attempt to explain the passage, as it stood in the old copy, is far from satisfactory.

⁶ Meaning the difference between his rank and hers.

⁷ This speech is almost literally taken from the novel.

Which then will speak ;—that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's : for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine : to this I am most constant
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle^s ;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming.
Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious !

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,
disguised ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : 'pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome : for it is

^s The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *girl* for *gentle*.

A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast : Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome ! [*To Pol.*

It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostess-ship o' the day :—You're welcome, sir !

[*To CAMILLO.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
 For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
 Seeming, and savour⁹, all the winter long :
 Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
 And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,
 (A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
 With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
 Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
 Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
 Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
 Our rustick garden's barren ; and I care not
 To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
 Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
 There is an art¹⁰, which, in their piedness, shares
 With great creating nature.

⁹ *Seeming and savour*, i. e. *appearance and smell*. *Rue*, being used in exorcisms, was called *herb of grace*, and *rosemary* was supposed to strengthen the *memory* ; it is prescribed for that purpose in the ancient herbals. *Ophelia* distributes the same plants with the same attributes.

¹⁰ Surely there is no reference here to the impracticable pretence of producing flowers by art to rival those of nature, as Steevens supposed. The allusion is to the common practice of producing by art particular varieties of colours on flowers, especially on carnations.

Pol.

Say, there be ;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
 But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,
 Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By bud of nobler race ; this is an art
 Which does mend nature,—change it rather : but
 The art itself is nature.

Per.

So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors¹¹,
 And do not call them bastards.

Per.

I'll not put

The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :
 No more than, were I painted, I would wish
 This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only therefore
 Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
 The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
 And with him rises weeping¹² ; these are flowers
 Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
 To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

¹¹ *Gillyvors*. Gelofer or gyllofer was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams ; from the French *girosfle*. There were also stock-gyllofers, and wall-gyllofers. The French name of the *stock-gyllofer*, according to Palsgrave, was ARMORIE BASTARDE. The variegated gilliflowers or carnations, being considered as a produce of art, were properly called *nature's bastards*, and being streaked white and red, Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman, and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time. This is Mr. Douce's very ingenious solution of this riddle, which had embarrassed Mr. Steevens.

¹² "Some call it *sponsus solis*, the spowse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him."—*Lupton's Notable Things*, book vi. It is most probable that, by *marigold*, the sun-flower is meant.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours ; and yours ;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's¹³ waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes¹⁴,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried¹⁵, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady

¹³ See Ovid's *Metam.* lib. v.—

“ Ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora

Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis—”

or the whole passage as translated by Golding, and given in the *Variorum Shakespeare*.

¹⁴ Johnson had not sufficient imagination to comprehend this exquisite passage, he thought that the poet had mistaken Juno for Pallas, and says, that “ sweeter than an eyelid is an odd image !” But the eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas, and

“ Of a beauty never yet

Equalled in *height of tincture*.”

The beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, &c. mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod's βλεφάρων κυανέων in a passage which has been rendered—

“ Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*

Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath

Of balmy Venus.”

Of the beauty and propriety of the epithet *violets dim*, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded.

¹⁵ Perhaps the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from the subjoined verses in the original edition of Mil-

Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one. O ! these I lack,
 To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
 Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :
 Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
 Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
 No other function : each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queen's^a.

Per. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
 And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it¹⁶,

ton's Lycidas which he subsequently omitted, and altered the epithet *unwedded* to *forsaken* in the preceding line :—

"Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,

Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love."

Every reader will see that the "texture and sentiments" are derived from Shakespeare ; and it serves as a beautiful illustration of his meaning.

^a *Are queen's, i. e. the acts of a queen.*

¹⁶ Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander* :—

"Through whose white skin softer than soundest sleep,
 With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep."

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
 As little skill to fear¹⁷, as I have purpose
 To put you to't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green-sord : nothing she does, or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself ;
 Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
 That makes her blood look out¹⁸ : Good sooth, she is
 The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlick,
 To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our man-
 ners.—

Come, strike up. [Musick.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
 Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
 To have a worthy feeding¹⁹ : I have it but

¹⁷ *I think, you have as little skill to fear, &c.* i. e. you have as little design, intention, aptitude to fear that I am false, as, &c.

¹⁸ The old copy has look on't, an evident error of the press. The correction was made by Theobald. Thus Donne's *Elegy* on E. Drury :—

“ Her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks.”

¹⁹ *A worthy feeding is a valuable tract of pasturage.* The old

Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
 He looks like sooth²⁰. He says, he loves my daughter ;
 I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
 I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it,
 That should be silent : if young Doricles
 Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
 Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at
 the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
 and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he
 sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money ; he
 utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears
 grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he shall come in :
 I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful
 matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing
 indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
 sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with
 gloves²¹ ; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ;
 so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such deli-
 cate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings*²² ; *jump her and*
 copies read " but I have it," the word *but* being evidently trans-
 posed. The pronoun *he* must be understood before " boasts," in
 the first line.

²⁰ *Truth.*

²¹ The trade of a milliner was formerly carried on by men
 exclusively.

²² " With a hie *dildo* dill, and a *dildo* dee," is the burden of
 an old ballad or two. *Fading* is also another burden to a ballad
 found in Shirley's *Bird in a Cage* ; and perhaps to others. It

thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape²³ into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*²⁴.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares²⁵?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points²⁶, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses²⁷, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants

is also the name given to an Irish dance, probably from *fadun*, I whistle, as it was danced to the pipes. The Irish name *rinca fada* is the *long dance*, performed by country people on May-day. The *fading* is mentioned by Ben Jonson, and distinguished from the *fadow*. A very interesting account of the *rinca fada* is given in Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakespeare at the end of vol. xiv.

²³ *Jape*, i. e. *jest*. The old copy has *gap*. It is corrected in Mr. Collier's second folio.

²⁴ This was also the burden of an old ballad. The tune is in Corbine's Ayres for the Lute and Basse Violl, 1610, fo.

²⁵ i. e. *undamaged wares, true and good*. Thus in Any Thing for a Quiet Life:—"She says that you sent *ware* which is not warrantable, *braided ware*, and that you give not London measure." So Marston in his Seourge of Villanie, Sat. v.—

"Tuscus is trade-falne; yet great hopes he'll rise,
For now he makes no count of perjuries;
Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black loveries,
Glased his *braided ware*, cogs, sweares, and lies."

And in the prologue to a very curious manuscript collection of satiric tales in verse, entitled *An Iliade of Metamorphosis*, 1600, which was in the library of Mr. Heber, and which are thought to be Marston's:—

"Bookes of this nature being once perused
Are then cast by, and as *b.ayed ware* refused."

²⁶ *Points*, upon which lies the quibble, were *laces with tags*.

²⁷ *Inkles*, threads of silk or worsted, used in embroidery; *caddisses* were a kind of ferret, or worsted ribbon.

to the sleeve-hand²⁸, and the work about the square on't²⁹.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces, and for noses ;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber³⁰ :
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel³¹,
What maids lack from head to heel :*

²⁸ *Sleeve-hand*, the cuffs, or wristband.

²⁹ *The work about the square on't*, i. e. *the work about the bosom* of it. So in Fairfax's Tasso, b. xii. st. 64 :—

“ Her curious *square* embossed with swelling gold,
Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives.”

³⁰ *Amber*, of which necklaces were made fit to perfume a lady's chamber.

³¹ These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, Part ii.—“ They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver it-selfe ; and it is well, if in proesesse of time, they grow not to be of gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal ; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffles, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruff.” Stowe informs us that “ about the sixteenth yeare of the queene (Elizabeth) began the making of *steale poking-sticks*, and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone.”

*Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry ;
Come, buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me ; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole³², to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well, they are whispering : Clamour your tongues³³, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace³⁴, and a pair of sweet gloves³⁵.

³² The *kiln-hole* generally means the fireplace for drying malt ; still a noted gossiping place.

³³ *Clamour your tongues.* This is most probably a corruption of *chamour*, *chaumer*, or *chambre*, from the French *châmer*, to *refrain*. The word is used by Nicolas Udall in his *Apophthegmes*, p. 76, in the same sense :—"From no sort of men whatever did he *refreine* or *chambre* the taunting of his tongue." Mr. Hunter has cited a passage from Taylor the Water Poet, in which the word is thus again perverted—

"*Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues."
It is probable that *chambre* was pronounced *chammer*.

³⁴ A *tawdry lace* was a sort of *necklace* worn by country wenches ; so named after St. Audrey (Etheldreda), who is said to have died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a particular judgment, for having been in her youth much addicted to wearing fine necklaces ; or it probably implies that they were

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad : therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, a'-life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true ; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter ; and five or six honest wives' that were present : Why should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

bought at the fair of St. Audrey, where gay toys of all sorts were sold. This fair was held in the Isle of Ely on the Saint's day, the 17th of October. Harpsfeld, who tells the story of the Saint, describes the necklaee :—"Solent Angliæ nostræ mulieres torquem quendam, extenui et subtili sericâ confectum, collo gestare quam Ethelredæ torquem appellamus (tawdry laee) forsan in ejus quod diximus memoriam."—*Hist. Eccles. Angl.* p. 86. So in The Faithful Shepherdess :—

"The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace*, and ring."

Spenser in his Shepherd's Kalendar mentions it as an ornament for the waist :—

"And gird your waste

For more fineness, with a *tawdrie lace*."

Tawdries is used sometimes for *necklaces* in general.

³⁵ *Sweet*, or *perfumed gloves*, are often mentioned by Shakespeare ; they were very much esteemed, and a frequent present in the poet's time.

Clo. Come on, lay it by : And let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her : The ballad is very pitiful, and as true ³⁶.

Dor. Is it true too, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too : Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one ; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man* : there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it ; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it ; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear ; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part ; you must know, 'tis my occupation : have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither ? *M.* O, whither ? *D.* Whither ?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell :

D. Me too : let me go thither.

³⁶ The ballad is very pitiful, and as true. All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. To one of this kind it is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes.

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be:*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

Then, whither go'st? say whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad³⁷ talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.*

[Exeunt Clown, AUT. DORC. and MOPSA.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair³⁸; they call themselves

³⁷ *Sad*, i. e. *serious*, or *grave*.

³⁸ *All men of hair*. It is most probable that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A very curious relation of a disguising or mummery of this kind, which proved fatal to some of the actors in it, is related by Froissart as occurring in the court of France in 1392. The reader may also consult Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 152, ed. 1725, or the edition of Shakespeare, by Mr. Boswell, vol. xiv. p. 371. Mr. Douce has

saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling), it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire³⁹.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter⁴⁰.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,

given a song for four voices from Ravenscroft's collection, called *The Satyres Daunce*. "Antimasques," says Lord Bacon, "are usually composed of *satyrs*, baboons, antiques, beasts, &c."—*Essay* 37.

³⁹ *Squire*, i. e. *foot-rule*, *esquierre*, Fr.

⁴⁰ This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

And nothing marted⁴¹ with him. If your lass
 Interpretation should abuse ; and call this
 Your lack of love, or bounty ; you were straited
 For a reply, at least, if you make a care
 Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are :
 The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
 Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
 But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
 Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
 Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand ; this hand,
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
 That's bolted⁴² by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
 The hand, was fair before !—I have put you out :—
 But to your protestation ; let me hear
 What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men ; the earth, the heavens, and all :
 That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and knowledge,
 More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
 Without her love : for her, employ them all ;
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,

⁴¹ *Marted*, i. e. *bought, trafficked*.

⁴² *Bolted*, that is, *sifted*. This is a beautiful image, which the poet has repeated with a little variation in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

“That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow
 Fann'd by the eastern winds, turns to a crow,
 When thou hold'st up thy hand.”

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

By the pattern of my thoughts I cut out

The purity^a of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

't the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;

Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate⁴³?

^a By *purity*, Perdita must mean *sincerity*, unless we suppose it a misprint for *parity*, i. e. likeness or similarity.

⁴³ i. e. *converse about his own affairs*. The phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 3:—

"Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate*."

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
 If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
 That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
 I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
 Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin.
 Far⁴⁴ than Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words;
 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop⁴⁵ his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to't.

[Exit.

Per.

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
 I was about to speak⁴⁶; and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on all alike⁴⁷.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.

⁴⁴ *Far*, in the old spelling *farre*, i. e. *farther*. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. This in the time of Chaucer was softened into *ferre*:—

“Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*.”

⁴⁵ The old copy reads *hope*.

⁴⁶ Warburton remarks that Perdita's character is here finely sustained. “To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education.”

⁴⁷ *All* is wanting in the old copies. It was probably omitted from the compositor's eye glancing on *alike*, beginning with the same letters. Sir John Davies, in his *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599, has a similar thought:—

“Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray

Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine:”

and Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* has imitated it not inelegantly:—

I told you, what would come of this : 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam.

Why, how now, father ?

Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep.

I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[*To FLORIZEL.*

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet : yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust⁴⁸.—O cursed wretch !

[*To PERDITA.*

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone ! undone !

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

Flo. [*To PERDITA.*] Why look you so upon me ?

I am but sorry, not afeard ! delay'd,

But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am :

More straining on, for plucking back ; not following

"The stars shoot

An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper."

Coleridge speaks with enthusiasm of this passage. "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech ! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel : 'Will't please you, sir, be gone ?'"

⁴⁸ Before the reform of the burial service by Edward VI. it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

My leash⁴⁹ unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper : at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him ;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus ?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known ?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith ; And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks :—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy⁵⁰ : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,

⁴⁹ *Leash*, i. e. a leading string.

⁵⁰ *Fancy* here means *love*, as in other places already pointed out.

When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not
 To see him any more), cast your good counsels
 Upon his passion : Let myself and fortune,
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver ;—I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
 And, most opportune to our⁵¹ need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold,
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*
 I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

Cam. He's irremovable.
 Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn ;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
 I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony. [Going.

Cam. Sir, I think,
 You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
 That I have borne your father ?

Flo. Very nobly
 Have you deserv'd : it is my father's musick,
 To speak your deeds ; not little of his care
 To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

⁵¹ *Our need.* The old copies read *her*. The emendation is Theobald's.

If you may please to think I love the king ;
 And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
 Your gracious self ; embrace but my direction
 (If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration) ; on mine honour
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
 As shall become your highness ; where you may
 Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see,
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
 As heavens forefend ! your ruin) ; marry her ;
 And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)
 Your discontenting⁵² father strive to qualify,
 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
 May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
 That I may call thee something more than man.
 And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place, whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
 But as the unthought-on accident⁵³ is guilty
 To what we wildly do ; so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
 This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
 But undergo this flight ;—Make for Sicilia ;
 And there present yourself, and your fair princess
 (For so I see she must be), 'fore Leontes ;
 She shall be habited as it becomes

⁵² *Discontenting for discontented.*

⁵³ This *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. *Guilty to*, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakespeare. So in the Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 2 :—

“ But lest myself be *guilty to* self wrong,
 I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.”

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee the⁵⁴ son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down.
The which shall point you forth at every sitting⁵⁵
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors : who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

⁵⁴ The first and second folios read, "thee *there* son." The correction was made in the third folio.

⁵⁵ The council-days were called *sittings*, in Shakespeare's time.

Per. One of these is true :
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in⁵⁶ the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of our birth⁵⁷.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir ; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicine of our house !—how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know, you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*]

⁵⁶ To take in is to conquer, to get the better of. So in *Cymbeline*, Act iii. Sc. 2, and Act iv. Sc. 2 ; also in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i. Sc. 1, and in Act iii. Sc. 7. The phrase is also used in the same sense by Chapman, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher. The latter say, "to take in towns," &c.

⁵⁷ *Of* is wanting in the old copy, which has an apostrophe instead.

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander⁵⁸, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed⁵⁹, and brought a benediction to the buyer by which means, I saw whose purse was best in the fair; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket⁶⁰, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub⁶¹ against his daughter and the king's son.

⁵⁸ *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist, according to Phillips. They were used as amulets against the plague or other infections, as well as for mere articles of luxury. The name is derived from *pomme d'ambre*; in all the old French dictionaries they are called *pommes de senteur*. Phillips says *pomamber*, Dutch.

⁵⁹ This alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.

⁶⁰ A *placket* was nothing more than a *stomacher*; as appears by Florio's Dictionary, under the word *Torace*: "The breast or bulke of a man: also the middle space betweene the necke and the thighs: also a *placket*, a *stomacher*." Thomas gives the same explanation of *Thoraca*, except that he spells the word *placcard*.

⁶¹ *Whoo-bub*, i. e. the *hubbub* which is said to imply the *whoop* is up, or the hue and cry is making.

and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes——

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. ^{our} Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging.
[Aside.]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly (thou must think, there's a necessity in't), and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot⁶².

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—[Aside.] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—[Aside.] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

⁶² *Boot* is advantage, profit. We now say something to boot, something beside the articles exchanged for each other.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you: and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over⁶³) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
'Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king
[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLO. PER. and CAM.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it. To have

⁶³ Mr. Collier, on the authority of a MS. correction, reads *ever*, but *eyes over* has here the signification of *over-eying*.

an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought not it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't^a: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king: and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her: those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too: who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

^a The old copy by accident has transposed *not*, and reads, "If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would *not* do't."

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how⁶⁴ much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement⁶⁵. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel⁶⁶, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having⁶⁷, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner⁶⁸.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfold-

⁶⁴ We should probably read, "by I know *not* how much an ounce."

⁶⁵ Thus in *The Comedy of Errors*: "Why is time such a niggard of his hair, being as it is so plentiful an *excrement*?"

⁶⁶ *Fardel* is a *bundle*, a *pack* or *burthen*. "A pack that a man doth bear with him in the way," says *Baret*.

⁶⁷ *Having*, i. e. *estate*, *property*.

⁶⁸ *With the manner*, that is, *in the fact*. Vide *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1, note 27.

ings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court⁶⁹? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze⁷⁰ from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-piè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen⁷¹.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely⁷².

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

⁶⁹ *The measure, i. e. the stately tread of courtiers.*

⁷⁰ The first folio has *at touze*. The second folio corrects the first misprint of *at* for *or*. *Think'st thou because I wind myself into, or draw from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?* 'To touze is to pluck or draw out. As to touze or teize wool, *Carpere lanam*. See the old dictionaries.

⁷¹ Malone says, "perhaps in the first of these speeches we should read, *a present*, which the old shepherd mistakes for a pheasant. The clowns perhaps thought courtiers as corruptible as some justices then were, of whom it is said, 'for half a dozen of chickens they would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes.'"

⁷² The poet's memory makes another slip here. Florizel had been dressed as a shepherd, yet Autolycus, with whom he has changed clothes, is now dressed as a courtier.

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane⁷³ to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with

⁷³ Germane, i. e. related.

flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently considered⁷⁴, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! we must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

⁷⁴ *Being something gently considered, i. e. being handsomely bribed; to consider often signified to reward.*

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. *[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.]*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion;—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious: for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleomenes.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saintlike sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: at the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil: With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of

The wrong I did myself : which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of : true—

Paul. Too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did : it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady :
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well¹ ?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,

¹ *The former queen is well*, i. e. at rest, dead. So in Antony and Cleopatra :—

"Mess. First, madam, he is *well*.

Cleop. Why, there's more gold ; but, sirrah, mark,
We use to say *the dead are well*."

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
 For has not the divine Apollo said,
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
 Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,
 And come again to me ; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills. [*To LEONTES.*—Care
 not for issue :

The crown will find an heir : Great Alexander
 Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
 Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
 Who hast the memory of Hermione,
 I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel !—then, even now,
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
 Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
 More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
 No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,
 And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
 Again possess her corpse ; and, on this stage
 (Where we offenders now appear), soul-vex'd,
 Begin, *And why to me* ?

Paul. Had she such power,
 She had just cause³.

² The old copy reads, "And begin, *why to me.*" The transposition of *and* was made by Steevens.

³ The first and second folios have, "She had just *such* cause:" the correction was made in the third folio. The repetition of *such* was caught from the preceding line.

Leon. She had ; and would incense⁴ me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so :
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals !—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront⁵ his eye.—

Cleo. Good madam.—

Paul. I have done^a.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,

⁴ *Incense*, to instigate or stimulate, was the ancient sense of this word ; it is rendered in the Latin dictionaries by *dare stimulo*. So in King Richard III.—

“Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother?”

⁵ *Affront his eye*, i. e. *meet his eye*, or *encounter it*. Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning again in Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1 :—

“That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.”

And in Cymbeline :—“Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of.” The word is used in the same sense by Ben Jonson, and even by Dryden. Lodge, in the Preface to his Translation of Seneca, says, “No soldier is counted valiant that *affronteth* not his enemy.”

^a In the old copies “I have done” is given to Cleomencs. Steevens proposed the transfer. Paulina gives way to his exposition, and *has done* with the point she was urging ; she only continues speaking to hint a possible concession.

No remedy, but you will : give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young;
As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train ?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Gent. Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone ; so must thy grace⁶
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so⁷ (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme⁸), *She had not been*

⁶ The old copies have *grave*. The word *grace* is given by Mr. Collier on the authority of a note in Lord Ellesmere's folio copy.

⁷ So relates not to what precedes, but to what follows ; that she had not been *equal'd*.

⁸ (*But your writing now is colder than that theme*), i. e. *than the* *corse of Hermione, the subject of your writing.*

Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam :
The one I have almost forgot (your pardon);
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else : make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow⁹.

Paul. How ! not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman.
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*]
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. 'Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ! thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you : Were I but twenty-one,

⁹ Mr. Collier, whether by accident or intention, here departs from the reading of the folio, and has, "Of who she but *did* follow."

Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him : and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
And your fair princess, goddess !—O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend¹⁰,
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother !
(Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness !—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains ; much less

¹⁰ *At friend*, i. e. *at amity*, as we now say. Malone, contrary to his usual custom, would here desert the old reading ; and says he has met with *no example of similar phraseology* ! He surely must have read very inattentively. Mr. Collier on the authority of a MS. note substitutes, "*as friend* ;" but the old reading is undoubtedly correct.

The adventure of her person?

Flo.

Good my lord,

She came from Libya.

Leon.

Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,
Here, where we are.

Leon.

The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful¹¹ gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord.

Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)

¹¹ *Graceful, i. e. full of grace and virtue.*

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him: who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak;
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike¹².

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

¹² Fortune is as unfavourable to us as Prince and Princess, as when we were Shepherd and Shepherdess.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty : and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth¹³ as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo.

Dear, look up :

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father ; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul.

Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon.

I thought of her,

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[*To FLORIZEL.*

Is yet unanswer'd ; I will to your father ;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
relation ?

¹³ *Worth for descent or wealth.*

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; —But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance¹ were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more.
The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of

¹ Shakespeare elsewhere uses *importance* for *import*, as well as for *importunity*.

queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it: the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection² of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour³. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping⁴ her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit⁵ of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it⁶.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

² In Shakespeare's time, *to affect* a thing meant, to have a tendency or disposition to it. The *affections* were the *dispositions*, *Appetitus animi*.

³ *Favour* here stands for *mien*, *feature*.

⁴ *Clipping*, i. e. *embracing*.

⁵ *Conduits* or *fountains* were frequently representations of the human figure. One of this kind has been already referred to in *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

⁶ A word seems to be wanting, there is space for it in the first folio, and we should most probably read, do it *justice*.

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still ; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open : He was torn to pieces with a bear ; this avouches the shepherd's son ; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers ?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death : and in the view of the shepherd : so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O ! the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband ; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd : She lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter : till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears ; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there⁷ changed colour ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court ?

3 *Gent.* No : the princess, hearing of her mother's

⁷ *Who was most marble, that is, those who had the hardest hearts.*
So in King Henry VIII.—

“Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for him.”

statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano ; who, had he himself eternity⁸, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer : thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed⁹ house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access ? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what : but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much

⁸ It is no small honour to Julio Romano to be thus mentioned by the poet. By *eternity* Shakespeare only means *immortality*. It should seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age ; Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady*, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the City :—

“*Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.

Sr. Moth. And have it *painted* in most orient colours.

Rut. That's right ! *all city statues must be painted,*

Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.”

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism*. The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

⁹ *That removed house*, i. e. *remote house*.

sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours;

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand; and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend :—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall¹⁰ fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture¹¹. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters¹².
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee !

Paul.

What, sovereign sir,

¹⁰ *A tall fellow*, i. e. *a bold, courageous fellow*. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 4, note 5. Antolycus chooses to understand the phrase in one of its senses, which was that of *nimble handed*, working with his hands, a fellow skilled in thievery.

¹¹ The words *picture* and *statue* were sometimes used indiscriminately. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. Sc. 4, note 13.

¹² *Good masters*. It was a common petitionary phrase to ask a superior to be *good lord* or *good master* to the suppliant.

I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon.

O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul.

As she liv'd peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely¹, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[PAUL. *undraws a Curtain and discovers a Statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leon.

Her natural posture!—

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol.

O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

¹ The folio 1623 misprints this *lovely*.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought² you (for the stone is mine),
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be!

² i. e. *Worked, agitated.*

'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already³—
 What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
 Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
 Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't⁴,
 As we are mock'd with art⁵.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
 My lord's almost so far transported, that
 He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
 Make me to think so twenty years together ;
 No settled senses of the world can match
 The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
 I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
 For this affliction has a taste as sweet
 As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
 There is an air comes from her : What fine chisel
 Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
 For I will kiss her.

³ The sentence is thus left imperfect in the old copies, which Warburton says, "if completed, it would be—but that methinks already I converse *with the dead*." The corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio has tried his hand unsuccessfully to supply a line thus: "but that methinks already *I am but dead stone, looking upon stone*." Although in the next breath Leontes says, "Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins did verily bear blood?" Mr. Dyce has shown that the line is constructed out of a previous speech of Leontes, and that the poet would not so soon have repeated himself. A much better line has been proposed, should one be thought necessary, thus:—

"But that methinks already

I'm in heaven, and looking on an angel."

⁴ i. e. *Though her eye be fixed, it seems to have motion in it.*

⁵ *As*, must be understood in the sense of *so that*; no uncommon substitution in old phraseology. Malone and Mason interpret it by *as if*, which still leaves the sense imperfect.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement : If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand ; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against), I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;
Or⁶ those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick ; awake her : strike.—
[*Musick.*

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come :
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :

[*HERMIONE comes down from the Pedestal.*
Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then

⁶ The old copies read *on* by mistake for *or*.

You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm ! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PER. who kneels to HER.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how
found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners⁷ all ; your exultation
Partake⁸ to every one. I, an old turtle,

⁷ *You precious winners, i. e. you who by this discovery have gained what you desired.*

⁸ *Partake, i. e. participate.*

Will wing me to some wither'd bough : and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost⁹.

Leon.

O peace, Paulina ;

Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind), to find thee
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand :—whose¹⁰ worth, and ho-
nesty,

Is richly noted ; and here justified

By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—

What !—Look upon¹¹ my brother :—both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks

My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,

And son unto the king (whom¹² heavens directing),

Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,

Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely

Each one demand, and answer to his part

Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first

We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. *Exeunt*

⁹ Thus in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592 :—

“ A turtle sat upon a leauesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheere
With sad and sorry cheere :
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her love laments,” &c.

¹⁰ *Whose* relates to Camillo, though Paulina is the immediate antecedent. I have observed, in the loose construction of ancient phraseology, *whose* often used in this manner.

¹¹ *Look upon* for *look on*. Thus in *King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 3* :—“ And *look upon*, as if the tragedy,” &c.

¹² *Whom* is here used where *him* would be now employed



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.



PERICLES.



Leonine. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

ACT IV. SC. 1.



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

MR. DOUCE observes that "the very great popularity of this play in former times may be supposed to have originated from the interest which the *story* must have excited." To trace the fable beyond the period in which the favourite romance of *Appolonius Tyrius* was composed, would be a vain attempt: that was the probable original; but of its author nothing decisive has been discovered. Some have maintained that it was originally written in Greek, and translated into Latin by a Christian about the time of the decline of the Roman empire; others have given it to Symposius, a writer whom they place in the eighth century, because the riddles which occur in the story are to be found in a work entitled *Symposii Ænigmata*. It occurs in that storehouse of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is sufficiently evinced by the existence of an Anglo-Saxon version, which was printed a few years since by Mr. Thorpe, from the MS. in the library of Bene't College, Cambridge. One Constantine is said to have translated it into modern Greek verse, about the year 1500, (this is probably the MS. mentioned by Dufresne in the index of authors appended to his Greek Glossary, which was afterwards printed at Venice in 1563.) It had been printed in Latin prose at Augsburg in 1471, probably as early as the first dateless impression of the *Gesta Romanorum*. "Towards the latter end of the twelfth century Godfrey of Viterbo, in his *Pantheon*, or *Universal Chronicle*, (printed in the 2d volume of Pistorius's *Collection of German Historians*,) inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about two hundred years before Christ."

Dr. Farmer had a very curious fragment of an old metrical romance on the subject, which came into my possession. I gave it to Mr. Douce, and it is probably to be found with his other literary treasures in the Bodleian. This we have the authority of Mr. Tyrwhitt for placing at an earlier period than the time of Gower. The fragment consists of two leaves of parchment, which had been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose

its edges were cut off, some words entirely lost, and the whole has suffered so much by time as to be scarcely legible. Yet I considered it so curious a relic of our early poetry and language that I bestowed some pains in deciphering what remains, and have given a specimen or two in the notes toward the close of the play. I will here exhibit a further portion, comprising the name of the writer, who appears to have been Thomas Vicary, (or perhaps Vicar), of Winborn Minster, in Dorsetshire. The portion I have given will continue the story of Appolonius (the Pericles of the play):—

Wit hys wyf in gret solas

* * * * *

He lyvede after this do was,
And had twey sones by iunge age
 That wax wel farynge men:
 — the kyndom of Antioche
 Of Tire and of Cirenen,
Came never werre on hys londe
 Ne hung^r. ne no mesayse
Bot hit yede wel an hond,
 He lyvede well at ayse.
He wrot twey bokys of hys lyf,
 That in to hys owene bible he sette
 — at byddyng of hys wyf,
 He lasse at Ephese th^r he her sette.
He rulde hys londe in goud manere,
 Tho he drow to age,
Anategora he made king of Tire,
 That was his owene heritage.
 — best sone of that empire
 He made king of Aitnage
 — that he louede dure,
 Of Cirenen th^r was —
Whan that he hadde al thys y-dyght
 Cam deth and axede hys fee,
 — hys soule to God al myght
 So wol God th^r hit bee,
And sende ech housbonde grace
 For to love so hys wyf
That cherysed hem wit onte trespac
 As sche dyde hym al here lyf,
 — me on alle lyues space
 Heer to amende our mysdede,
In blisse of heuene to have a place;
 Amen ye singe here y rede.
In trouth thys was translatyd
 Almost at Engclondes ende,
 — to the makers stat
 Tak sich a mynde,

— have ytake hys bedys on hond
 And sayde hys pat^r nōst^r & crede,
Thomas vicary y understond
 At Wymborne mynstre in that stede,
 — y thoughte you have wryte
 Hit is nought worth to be knowe,
 Ze that woll the sothe y-wyte
 Go thider and men wol the sehewe,
Now Fader & sone & holy gost
 To wham y clemde at my bygynninge,
And God he hys of myghtes most
 Brynge us alle to a goud endyng,
Lede us wide the payne of helle
 O God lord & p^rsones three .
 In to the blysse of heuene to dwelle,
 Amen p^r Charite.

Explicit APPOLONI TYRUS REX nobilis & v^rtuosus, &c.

This story is also related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. vii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. Most of the incidents of the play are found in his narration, and a few of his expressions are occasionally borrowed. Gower, by his own acknowledgment, took his story from the Pantheon of Godfrey of Viterbo; and the author of *Pericles* professes to have followed Gower.

Chaucer also refers to the story in *The Man of Lawe's Prologue*:—

“Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,
 How that the cursed King Antiochus
 Beraft his doughter of hire maidenhede;
 That is so horrible a tale for to rede,” &c.

A French translation from the Latin prose, evidently of the fifteenth century, is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, 20, c. ii. There are several more recent French translations of the story: one under the title of “*La Chronique d'Appolin Roi de Thyr*,” 4to. Geneva, blk. l. no date. Another by Gilles Corrozet, Paris, 1530, 8vo. It is also printed in the seventh vol. of the *Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest*, 12mo. 1604; and, modernized by M. Le Brun, was printed at Amsterdam in 1710 and Paris in 1711. 120. There is an abstract of the story in the *Mélanges tirées d'une grande Bibliothèque*, vol. lxiv. p. 265.

The first English prose version of the story, translated by Robert Copland, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1510. It was again translated by T. Twine, and originally published by W. Howe, 1576. Of this there was a second impression in 1607, under the title of “*The Patterne of painful Adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befel unto Prince Appolonius, the Lady Lucina his Wife, and Tharsia his Daughter, &c. translated into English by T. Twine, Gent.*” The poet appears to have made some use of this prose narration as well as of Gower. The story seems

to have been extremely popular, for, in the very next year, 1608, a novel was concocted by the aid of Twine's version, embracing the incidents of the play, and adopting the language in many places; this was published under the following title:—"The Painful Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet John Gower." At London. Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butler, 1608.

The first edition of *Pericles* appeared in 1609, with the following title:—"The late, and much admired Play called *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures and fortunes of the said Prince: as also, The no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banek-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609." It had been previously entered on the Stationers' books on the 20th of May, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the publishers of the first folio. Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. It was omitted in the first and second folio editions, but was inserted in the third folio in 1664, together with the doubtful plays.

There have been very conflicting opinions as to whether the play was an early production of Shakespeare, retouched by him at a later period, or an old play revised and partly rewritten by him. It is ascribed to him by S. Sheppard, in a poem entitled, "*The Times Displayed in Six Sestyns*," printed in 1646:—

"See him whose tragick sceans Euripides
Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
Compare great *Shakspear*; Aristophanes
Never like him his fancy could display,
Witness the *Prince of Tyre* his *Pericles*."

And very shortly afterwards by the pen of an obscure poet named Tatham, in verses prefixed to Brome's *Jovial Crew*, 1652:—

"But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass."

Dryden also tells us, in 1677, that—

"Shakespeare's *own muse* his *Pericles* first bore."

The omission of it however by Heminge and Condell, and the internal evidence appear to me to justify the conclusion to which Mr. Hallam inclines in his *History of Literature*, vol. iii. p. 569. "*Pericles* is generally reckoned to be in part, and part only, the work of Shakespeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character (for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw), and a general

feebleness of the play as a whole, I should not believe the structure to be Shakespeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any cotemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."

For the converse opinion I must refer the reader to Dr. Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, whose views are also mainly adopted by Mr. Knight.

Steevens thinks that this play was originally named *Pyroclés*, after the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, the character, as he justly observes, not bearing the smallest affinity to that of the Athenian statesman. "It is remarkable," says he, "that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage, and when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? *Musidorus* (his companion). *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, *Phalantus* and *Eudora*, *Andromana*, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney had once such popularity that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. I must add, that the *Appolyn* of the *Story-book* and *Gower* could only have been rejected to make room for a more favourite name; yet however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakespeare designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former." "This conjecture will amount almost to certainty if we diligently compare *Pericles* with the *Pyrocles* of the *Arcadia*; the same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage, while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor, proving incontestably the poet's familiarity with and study of the *Arcadia* to have been very considerable."

"The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas," says Malone, "compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in every page." This is true, but it has been urged in order to excuse some unwarrantable licenses in which both Steevens and Malone indulged in the revision.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*

ESCANES,

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.**

CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*

CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.* Marshal.

A Pandar, and his Wife. BOULT, *their Servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus. DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon*

THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.* DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various Countries.†*

* We meet with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of five cities. Pentapolis occurs in the thirty-seventh chapter of King Appolyn of Tyre, 1510; in Gower; the *Gesta Romanorum*; and Twine's translation from it. Its site is marked in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, Brit. Mus. Tiberius, b. v. In the original Latin romance of Appolonius Tyrius it is most accurately called Pentapolis Cyrenorum, and was, as both Strabo and Ptolemy inform us, a district of Cyrenaica in Africa, comprising five cities, of which Cyrene was one.

† That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

*Enter GOWER*¹.



O sing a song that old² was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come³;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales⁴;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives :

¹ Chorus, in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.

² i. e. *that of old*.

³ The defect of metre (*sung* and *come* being no rhymes) points out that we should read—

“From ancient ashes Gower *sprung* ;”
alluding to the restoration of the Phoenix.

⁴ The old copies have “*holy-dayes*.” The emendation was made by Dr. Farmer, and is obviously necessary for the rhyme. *Church-ales* were periodical festivals, like the *wakes* in many parishes, held at various periods of the year. What is known respecting them is collected in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 226, 4to. ed.

The purchase⁵ is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
 This Antioch then : Antiochus the Great
 Built up this city for his chiefest seat,
 The fairest in all Syria ;
 (I tell you what mine authors say) :
 This king unto him took a pheere⁶,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face⁷,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke :

⁵ "The purchase" is the reading of the old copy ; which Steevens, among other capricious alterations, changed to *purpose*. That the true meaning of the word *purchase* has been mistaken by all the commentators, I have shown in a note on the 2d Part of K. Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 4. It was anciently used to signify *gain, profit* ; any *good or advantage* obtained ; as in the following instances :—James the First, when he made the extravagant gift of 30,000*l.* to Rich, said, "You think now that you have a great *purchase* ; but I am far happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiving it."

"No *purchase* passes a good wife, no losse
 Is, than a bad wife, a more cursed crosse."

Chapman's Georgics of Hesiod, b. ii. 44, p. 32.

"Long would it be ere thou hast *purchase* bought,
 Or welthier wexen by such idle thought."

Hall, satire ii. b. 2.

"Some fall in love with accesse to princes, others with popular fame and applause, supposinge they are things of greate *purchase*, when in many cases they are but matters of envy, perill, and impediment."—*Bacon Adv. of Learning*.

⁶ *Pheere*, i. e. *wife* : the word signifies a *mate or companion*.

⁷ i. e. *completely, exuberantly beautiful*. A *full* fortune, in Othello, means a *complete* one.

SEXUAL BLISS

1864
Jm 12/10/29

ACT I.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

137

Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By⁸ custom, what they did begin,
Was, with long use, counted no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame⁹,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law
(To keep her still, and men in awe¹⁰),
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yond grim looks do testify¹¹.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify¹². [Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre¹, you have at large
receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

⁸ The old copies have *But*.

⁹ i. e. *shape* or *direct their course thither*.

¹⁰ *To keep her still to himself, and to deter others from demand-
ing her in marriage.*

¹¹ Gower must be supposed to point to the scene of the palace
gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights
were fixed.

¹² *Which (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e.
prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. Thus after-
ward:—*

"When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge."

¹ It does not appear in the present drama that the father of
Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play,
we are to understand prince *regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum*
Appolonius is *king* of Tyre; and Appolyn in Copland's translation
from the French. In Twine's translation he is repeatedly called
prince of Tyrus, as he is in Gower.

which Stee-
ed to purpose
been mistaken
on the 2d Part
need to signify
the following
extravagant gift
u have a great
sum than you

use
se."
il. 44, p. 32.
bought,

stire ii. b. 2.
s with popular
reate purchase,
perill, and im-

r companion.
all fortune, in

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Music.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride²,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
(Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence³),
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the
spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men⁴!
Her face, the book of praises⁵, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath

² In the old copy this line stands:—

“*Musick*, bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride.”
Malone thinks it a marginal direction, inserted in the text by mistake. Mr. Boswell thinks it only an Alexandrine, and adds,
“It does not seem probable that musick would commence at the close of Pericles’ speech, without an order from the king.”

³ The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. A slight change of punctuation renders this passage clearer. “At whose conception till Lucina reign’d,” means *from the commencement of her existence till she was born*. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney’s *Arcadia*, book ii.—“*The senate-house of the planets was at no time to set for the decreeing of perfection in a man,*” &c. Thus also Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 511:—

“All heaven,

And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence.”

⁴ *The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue that gives renown to men.* The ellipsis in the second line is what obscured this passage, which Steevens would have altered, because he did not comprehend it.

⁵ *Her face is a book where may be read all that is praise-worthy, every thing that is the cause of admiration and praise.* Shakespeare has often this image.

Could never be her wild companion⁶.
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness !

Ant. Prince Pericles,——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides⁷,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain :
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yond sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
 That without covering, save yond field of stars⁸,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going⁹ on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must¹⁰

⁶ The old copies have *her mild companion*, most probably a misprint for *wild*. If *mild* were to be understood for *mildness*, it would require to be in the genitive case, *mild's*.

⁷ *Hesperides* is here taken for the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept ; as we find it in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. See vol. ii. p. 254, note 30.

⁸ Thus Lucan, lib. vii.—

“Cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam.”

⁹ i. e. for fear of going, or, lest they should go. Dr. Percy proposed to read “in death's net ;” but *on* and *in* were anciently used the one for the other.

¹⁰ That is, to prepare this body for that state to which I must come.

For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe¹¹,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then^a;
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness¹²!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought
 But faithfulness, and courage¹³.

[*He reads the Riddle.*]

I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh, which did me breed:

I sought a husband, in which labour,

I found that kindness in a father.

¹¹ "I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length, feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity."

^a This and the two next lines form part of the speech of Pericles in the quartos. In the folio the first line only is given to Pericles.

¹² This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone changed, at the suggestion of Mason, to "*In all save that.*" The meaning is evidently, "Of all who have yet essay'd."

¹³ This is from the old novel; Steevens pointed out the same expression in the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—"Whereupon asking advice of no other thought but faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse," &c.

*He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last¹⁴: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes¹⁵ to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually¹⁶,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the Hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait¹⁷,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings:
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not¹⁸, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,

¹⁴ i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a *bitter potion*.

¹⁵ Thus in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:—

“Who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.”

¹⁶ “Stars, *hide your fires,*
Let not light see,” &c. *Macbeth*.

¹⁷ i. e. *he is no perfect or honest man, that knowing, &c.*

¹⁸ This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see 'a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:—

“To let him be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts.”

Malefort, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, expresses the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort *touches* his daughter Theocrine, to whom he was betrothed.

As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
 'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
 For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself¹⁹ ;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
 Copp'd²⁰ hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
 throng'd
 By man's oppression²¹ ; and the poor worm²² doth die
 for't.

Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's their will ;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill ?
 It is enough you know ; and it is fit,

¹⁹ " The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows ; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them." Pericles means by this similitude to show the danger of revealing the crimes of princes ; for as they feel hurt by the publication of their shame, they will of course prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it. He pursues the same idea in the instance of the mole.

²⁰ *Copp'd hills*, are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugarloaf. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519 : " Sometime men wear *copped* caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret : " To make *copped*, or sharpe at top ; *cacumino*." In A. S. *cop* is a head. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act v. Sc. 1, note 3, p. 211.

²¹ The earth is oppressed by the injuries which crowd upon her. Steevens altered *throng'd* to *wrong'd* ; but apparently without necessity.

²² The mole is called *poor worm* as a term of commiseration. In *The Tempest*, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, " *Poor worm*, thou art infected." The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray its course to the mole-catcher.

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning;—

But I will gloze²³ with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince
of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days²⁴;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT. his Daughter, and Attend.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!

When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where²⁵ now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father);
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

²³ *Gloze*, i. e. *flatter*, *insinuate*.

²⁴ i. e. *to the destruction of your life*; *cancel* for *cancelment*.

²⁵ *Where* has here the power of *whereas*; as in other passages. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 7; *Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. Sc. 1, note 4. It occurs again with the same meaning in Act ii. Sc. 3, of this play.

Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun²⁶ no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear²⁷,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
 we mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner :
 And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal.

Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard,

You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes²⁸
 Her private actions to your secrecy ;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.

²⁶ The old copy erroneously reads *shew*. The emendation is Malone's. The expression here is elliptical :—"For wisdom sees *that* those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course in order to preserve them from being made publick."

²⁷ *To prevent any suspicion from falling on you.* So in *Mnobe*th :—

"Always thought, that I
 Require a clearness."

²⁸ In *The Winter's Tale* the word *partakes* is used in an active

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal.

My lord,

'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste²⁹.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Ant.

As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
 From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
 Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I

Can get him once within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure; so farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
 My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us.—Why should this charge
 our thoughts¹?—

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,

sense for *participate*:—"Your exultation
Partake to every one."

²⁹ These words are addressed to the Messenger, who enters in haste.

¹ The old copy reads, "Why should this *change* of thoughts?" Pericles, addressing the Lords, says, "Let none disturb us." Then apostrophizing himself, says, "Why should this charge our thoughts?"

Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour²,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
 (The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed me
 quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
 them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here :
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
 Then it is thus : that passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by misdread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
 And so with me ;—the great Antiochus
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him :
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with th' ostent of war³ will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;

² The old copies :—

" *By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,*" &c.

It is evident that two letters have changed places. "Why should," from the previous clause, must be understood.

³ Old copies :—

"And with the *stint* of war will look so huge."

The emendation, suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is confirmed by the following passage in Decker's *Entertainment to King James I.* 1604 :—"And why you bear alone *th' ostent of warre.*"

Again in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Batrachomyomachia* :—"Both heralds bearing *the ostents of war.*"

Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am⁴ no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them),
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath⁵ gives heat and stronger glowing ;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err
When Signior Sooth⁶ here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,
thou

Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

⁴ The old copy reads, "Who *once* no more," &c. The emendation is by Steevens, at Dr. Farmer's suggestion. Malone reads, "Who *wants* no more," &c.

⁵ i. e. *the breuth of flattery*. The word *spark* was here accidentally repeated by the compositor in the old copy, and *heart* printed instead of *heat*.

⁶ A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale* :—"And his pond fished by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile."

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down; thou art no flatterer
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid⁷!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects⁸.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear), as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth⁹: but thou know'st
this,

⁷ Forbid it, heaven, that kings should suffer their ears to hear
their failings palliated!

⁸ From whence I might propagate an issue that are arms, &c.
Stevens reads—

"Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys."

⁹ To smooth is to sooth, coax, or flatter. Thus in *K. Richard III.* :—

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
 And should he doubt it¹⁰ (as no doubt he doth),
 That I should open to the listening air,
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel.

Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
 cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them¹¹.

"Smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and eog."
 So in Titus Andronicus:—

"Yield to his humour, *smooth*, and speak him fair."

The verb to *smooth* is frequently used in this sense by our elder writers; for instance, by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583:—"If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt, to flatter and *smooth*," &c.

¹⁰ The quarto of 1609 reads, "And should he *doot*," &c.; from which the reading of the text has been formed. "Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep his secret (as there is no doubt but he is), why, to 'lop that doubt,' i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself."

¹¹ That is, to *lament their fate*. The first quarto reads, "to *grieve* for them."

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who, either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence ?—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it¹².
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure¹³ crack both :
But in our orbs¹⁴ we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince¹⁵,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince¹⁶.

[*Exeunt.*

¹² This transfer of authority naturally brings the first scene of *Measure for Measure* to our mind.

¹³ *Sure* is not in the quartos, but was inserted in the folio, 1664.

¹⁴ i.e. in our different spheres :—

“ In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.”

¹⁵ i.e. Overcome.

¹⁶ This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff :—“ I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.” The same idea is more

SCENE III. Tyre. *An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets¹. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further to question of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves, He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not), Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:

clearly expressed in King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2:—

“A loyal subject is
Therein illustrated.”

¹ Who this wise fellow, was may be known from the following passage in Barnabe Rich's *Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare*, or *Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 27:—“I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demaunded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the king—That your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets*.”

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself² unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please³,
He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

[*To the lords.*

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since⁴
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in the Governour's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cleo. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,

² Steevens has thought this phrase wanted illustration; but it is of very common occurrence. "To put himselfe in daunger of his life; In periculum caput se inferre."—*Barct.*

³ The old copy has, "The king's seas must please,
He scap'd the land to perish at the sea."
The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

⁴ The adverb *since*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Steevens on account of sense and metre.

Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
 O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
 Here they're but felt, and seen with mistie eyes¹,
 But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
 Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs²
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
 If the gods slumber³, while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helpers to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
 A city, on whom plenty held full hand
 (For riches strew'd herself even in the streets);
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
 clouds,
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
 Whose men and dames so jetted⁴ and adorn'd,
 Like one another's glass to trim them by⁵:
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,

¹ The old copy has "*mischief's eyes*;" Steevens reads *mistful eyes*; Malone, "*unseen with mischief's eyes*;" but the old form of the word *mistie* might easily be mistaken for *mischief*.

² All the early editions have *tongues*. *Lungs* was substituted by Steevens, which avoids the disagreeable recurrence of *tongues*, and improves the sense.

³ The old copy reads, "*If heaven slumber*," &c. This was probably an alteration of the licenser of the press. Sense and grammar require that we should read, "*If the gods*," &c.

⁴ To *jet* is to *strut*, to *walk proudly*. See vol. iii. p. 393, note 3.

⁵ Thus in the Second Part of King Henry IV.—

"He was indeed the *glass*,

Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves."

Again in Cymbeline:—

"A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them."

And not so much to feed on, as delight;
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
 change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
 Those palates, who not yet two summers younger⁶,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread and beg for it;
 Those mothers who, to nouse⁷ up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

⁶ The old copy has:—

“Who not yet too *savers* younger.”

The emendation was proposed by Mason. Steevens remarks that Shakespeare computes time by the same number of summers in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“Let *two* more *summers* wither in their pride,” &c.

Malone reads:—

“Who not used to hunger's savour.”

⁷ Steevens thought that this word should be *nursle*; but the examples are numerous enough in our old writers to show that the text is right. Thus in *New Custom*; *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. i. p. 284:—

“Borne to all wickedness, and *nusled* in all evil.”

So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. vi. 23:—

“Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
 He *noused* up in life and maners wilde.”

“It were a more vauntage and profit by a great dele that yonge children's wyttes were otherwyse sette a warke, than *nossel* them in suche errorr.”—*Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519, fo. 86.

“*Noused* in virtuous disposition, and framed to an honest trade of living.”—*Udal's Apophthegmes*, fo. 75.

So in *The Death of King Arthur*, 1601, cited by Malone:—

“Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights.”

Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life :
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governour ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor ;
And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath⁸ stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power⁹,
To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me¹⁰,
Whereas¹¹ no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear : for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

⁸ The old copy has *That*, instead of *Hath*.

⁹ *Hollow*, applied to ships, is a Homeric epithet. See *Iliad*, v.
26. By *power* is meant *force*.

¹⁰ A letter has been probably dropped at press : we may read,
" of unhappy men."

¹¹ It has been already observed that *whereas* was sometimes
used for *where* ; as well as the converse, *where* for *whereas*.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's¹² untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?

The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist¹³;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governour, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets!
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow¹⁴,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you.

[*Kneel.*

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;

¹² The quarto of 1609 reads:—

"Thou speak'st like *himnes* untutor'd to repeat."

Like him's untutor'd, for like him who is untutored. "Deluded by the pacific appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage,—that the fairest outsides are most to be suspected."

¹³ i. e. if he rest or stand on peace. See 2d Part of K. Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 1.

¹⁴ Thus the old copies; excepting that in the preceding line we have, "*was* stuff'd." It has been usual to print *vicus* for *veins*; but I think without necessity.

We do not look for reverence, but for love.
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a
while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gower.

WHERE have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word¹.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man²

¹ i. e. *You have seen a better prince, &c. prove awful, i. e. honest.*
Vide note on Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. Sc. 1. The verb
in the first line is carried on to the third.

² ¹ The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where," &c.

Gower means to say, "The good prince (on whom I bestow my
best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man," &c.
Conversation is conduct, behaviour. See 2 Peter, iii. 11.

Thinks all is writ he spoken can³ :
 And, to remember what he does,
 Build his statue to make him glorious⁴ :
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ; all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a Letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON ; PERICLES gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Now. Good Helicane, that staid at home
 (Not to eat honey, like a drone,
 From others' labours ; for thy⁵ he strive

³ Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were *Holy Writ*.

⁴ This circumstance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the *Confessio Amantis* :—

“ That thei for ever in remembrance
 Made a figure in resemblance
 Of hym, and in a common place
 Thei set it up ; so that his face
 Might every maner man beholde,
 It was of laton over gylte,” &c.

In King Appolyn of Thyre, 1510 :—“ In remembrance they made an ymage or statue of clene golde.” In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance the statue is of brass :—

“ Tho made they an ymage of bras,
 A schef of whete he held an honde,
 That to my lieknes maad was,
 Uppon a buschel they dyde hym stonde,
 And wryte aboute the storye.
 To Appolyn this hys ydo
 To have hym ever in memorye.”

⁵ For thy, i. e. therefore. The printer, not understanding this archaism, substituted *for though* ; and thus it has hitherto been given. *For thy* was not then quite obsolete, Drayton has it in the first edition of his *Eclogues*, Ecl. vi.—

To killen bad, keep good alive ;
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire),
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre⁶ :
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And hid intent, to murder him ;
 And that in Tharsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest :
 He knowing⁷ so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;
 For now the wind begins to blow ;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split ;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost :
 All perishen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself ;
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
 And here he comes : what shall be next,—
 Pardon old Gower ; this 'longs the text⁸. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. Pentapolis. *An open Place by the
 Sea Side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

“For the looseness of thy youth art sorry,
 And for thy vow'st some solemne pilgrimage.”

In later editions *therefore* is substituted.

⁶ Old copy:—“*Sav'd one of all,*” &c. The emendation is Steevens's.

⁷ Old copies, *doing*. The correction is by Steevens.

⁸ *Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues, it belongs to the text, not to his province as chorus.* Steevens justly remarks, that “the language of our fictitious Gower, like that of the Pseudo-Rowley, is often irreconcilable to the practice of any age.

Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you ;
 Alas ! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
 And having thrown him from your watery grave,
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche¹ !

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away,
 or I'll fetch thee with a wannion².

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
 men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to hear
 what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when,
 well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I
 saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled³ ? they
 say, they are half fish, half flesh : a plague on them,
 they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I
 marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why as men do a-land ; the great ones eat
 up the little ones : I can compare our rich misers to

¹ The old copy reads :—

“What to *pelche*.”

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who remarks,
 that *Pilche* is a *leathern coat*.

² This expression, which is equivalent to *with a mischief*, or
with a vengeance, is of very frequent occurrence in old writers. It
 is perhaps from the A. S. *panung*, *detrimēt*, *mischief*.

³ Sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a
 ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him⁴, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch't out of the calendar, and no body will look after it⁵.

⁴ So in *Coriolanus*:—

“Like scaled sculls

Before the belching whale.”

⁵ The old copy reads “*search* out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.” The correction is by Steevens, who also suggested that the dialogue may have been intended to run thus:—

“*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.”

The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Some remark upon the *day* appears to have been omitted.

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsistent:—

Per. You may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast—

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea ; to cast thee in our way !

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon⁶, entreats you pity him ;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them
in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than
we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then ?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure : for here's
nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish
for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know ;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on ;
A man shrunk up with cold : my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid ! I have a
gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now,
afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go
home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fast-
ing-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks⁷, and
thou shalt be welcome.

“ Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.”

Dr. Farmer thinks that there may be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero. The lucky and unlucky days are put down in the old calendars.

⁶ Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book v.—“ In such a shadow, &c. mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, like tennis balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.”

⁷ *Flap-jacks* are *pancakes*. Thus in Taylor's *Jack a Lent* :—

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul^B.

"Until at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a *flap-jack*, which, in our translation, is cald a *pancake*."

^B The speaker means—*Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right*

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't⁹, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own¹⁰, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge (even as he left his life), *Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield*. 'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace¹¹): *For that it sav'd me, keep it: in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.* It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again. I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortunes better,

to attempt. The Fisherman's satirical conclusion is not very intelligible.

⁹ This comic execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. The *bots* is a disease in horses produced by worms.

¹⁰ i. e. *And I thank you, though it was mine own.*

¹¹ The *brace* is the armour for the arm. So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

“I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vant *brace* put this wither'd brawn.”

I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't !

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters : there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel ;
And spite of all the rapture¹² of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding¹³ on my arm ;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases¹⁴.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide : thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair ; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will ;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.

¹² The old copy has, "the *rupture* of the sea ;" but I prefer Sewel's emendation of *rapture*, which is confirmed by the passage in the novel, for *violent seizure*, or the act of carrying away forcibly.

¹³ The old copy reads, "his *building*," which Malone changed to *biding*. Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a *jewel*. See vol. iii. p. 418, note 14.

¹⁴ *Bases* were a sort of *petticoat* that hung down to the knees, and were suggested by the Roman military dress, in which they seem to have been separate parallel slips of cloth or leather. In Rider's Latin Dictionary, *bases* are rendered *palliolum curtum*. The Highlanders wear a kind of bases at this day. In Massinger's Picture, Sophia, speaking of Hilario's disguise, says to Corisca :—

"You, minion,

Had a hand in it too, as it appears

Your petticoat serves for *bases* to this warrior."

SCENE II. *The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*¹

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them², we are ready; and our daughter, In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected. 'Tis now your honour³, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;

¹ This account of the scene is by the modern editors.

² i. e. *Return them notice that we are ready, &c.*

³ The sense would be clearer were we to substitute both in this and the following instance *office* for *honour*. *Honour* may however mean her situation as queen of the feast, as she is afterwards called. The idea of this scene may have been derived from the third book of the Iliad, where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam. The old copies have, "to entertain."

The word⁴, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça*⁵.

[*The third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry:

The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*⁶.

[*The fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turn'd upside down;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds;

Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

⁴ i.e. *The mot or motto*. See Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 5:—"Now to my word."

⁵ i.e. *More by sweetness than by force*. It should be "*Mas per dulçura*," &c. *Più* is Italian, not Spanish.

⁶ The work which appears to have furnished the author of the play with this and the two subsequent devices of the knights has the following title:—"The heroical Devices of M. Claudius Paradin, Canon of Beaugen; whereunto are added the Lord Gabriel Symeon's, and others. Translated out of Latin into English, by P. S." 1591, 24mo. Mr. Douce has given copies of some of them in his *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 126.

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his impress is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*⁷.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward
show

Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock⁸, than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust⁹.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by, the inward man¹⁰.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*

⁷ This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, 1585; in which it will be found at sig. H 7. b. The old copy misprints *present* for *imprese*, *imprese*, or a word used for a *device* in K. Richard II. It was in common use. Blount says—"A Devise is the same which the Italians (and we also from them) call an *Imprese*, wherein the picture is as the body, and the *Motto* the soul gives it life."

⁸ i. e. *the carter's whip*. It was sometimes used as a term of contempt; as in Albumazar, 1615:—

"Out, Carter,

Hence, dirty *whipstock*."

⁹ The idea of this ill-appointed knight appears to have been taken from the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia*:—"His armour of as old a fashion, beside the rustic poornesse, &c. so that all that looked on measured his length on the earth already," &c.

¹⁰ i. e. *that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit*
Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists,^a art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the
feast

(For, daughter, so you are), here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

^a The old copy has *an artist*. Malone corrected it.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me¹, be not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
He has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yond king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail² their crowns to his supremacy;
Where³ now his son's like a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave⁴,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

¹ i. e. *these delicacies go against my stomach*. The old copy gives this speech to Simonides, and reads, "*he not thought upon*." Steevens proposed the correction. Gower describes Appolinus, the Pericles of this play, under the same circumstances:—

"That he sat ever stille and thought
As he which of no meat rought."

² i. e. *lower*.

³ *Where* is here again used for *whence*. The peculiar property of the glowworm, upon which the poet has here employed a line, is happily described in *Hamlet* in a single word:—

"The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire."

⁴ So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb."

Milton has the same thought:—

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips),
We drink this health to you,

Knights.

We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while ;

Yond knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thai.

What is't to me, my father ?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter : Princes, in this
Should live like gods above, who freely give
To every one that comes to honour them :

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at⁵.

Therefore to make his en-trance⁶ now more sweet,

Here, say, we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ;

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How !

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better.

[*Aside.*

⁵ " When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster ; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it : a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who, having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character."—*Steevens.*

⁶ By his *en-trance* appears to be meant his present *trance*, the *reverie* in which he is sitting.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles.
My education⁷ been in arts and arms);—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore⁸.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd⁹,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud musick is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

⁷ Thus the old copies. Probably *has* was written as an elision,
"My education's been."

⁸ This speech stands thus in the old copies:—

"*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore."

⁹ i.e. *as you are accoutred, prepared for combat.* So in King
Henry V.—

"To-morrow for the march we are *address'd*."

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too :
And I have often¹⁰ heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip ;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp ;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well ;
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,
conduct¹¹

These knights unto their several lodgings : Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at :
Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Tyre. *A Room in the Governour's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes ; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free ;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer,
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
Their¹ bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk,

¹⁰ Often is not in the old copies, it was added by Malone.

¹¹ The folio has "to conduct."

¹ The old copies have "Those bodies."

That all those eyes ador'd them² ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he³—

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd⁴, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's indeed, the strongest in our
censure⁵:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head—

² i. e. which ador'd them.

³ "To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue."—*Stevens*.

⁴ i. e. satisfied.

⁵ i. e. the most probable in our opinion. Censure is most frequently used for judgment, opinion, by Shakespeare.

(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin)—your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause⁶, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas⁷,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king⁸;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travails will endeavour.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*

⁶ The old copy has—"Try honour's cause." Mr. Dyce suggested the correction.

⁷ Malone reads:—"I leap into the sea." Steevens observes that the old reading is merely figurative, and means, "I embark too hastily on an expedition in which ease is disproportioned to labour."

⁸ Steevens supposing some word omitted in this line in the old copy, thus supplied it:—

"To forbear choice? the absence of your king."

But to forbear here may only signify to bear with.

SCENE V. Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter; the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied
her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd¹,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take
our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So,

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

¹ "It were to be wished," says Steevens, "that Simonides, who is represented as a blameless character, had hit on some more ingenious expedient for the dismissal of these wooers. Here he tells them, as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own."

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet musick this last night : I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
sir, of
My daughter ?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be ; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger, and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence ;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor !

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king),

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd² of a base descent.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state ;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No !—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you ?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad ?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame
you ;

I'll bring you in subjection.—Will you,
Not having my consent, bestow your love
And your affections on a stranger ? (who, [*Aside.*
For ought I know may be,—nor can I think
The contrary,—as great in blood as I myself.)
Therefore, hear you mistress ; either frame your will
To mine ;—and you, sir, hear you, either be
Rul'd by me, or I'll make you—man and wife ;
Nay, come ; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;—

² So in Hamlet :—

“ That has no *relish* of salvation in it.”

And in Macbeth :—

“ So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They *smack* of honour both.”

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it³.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gower.

NOW sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast¹
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
E'er² the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—Be attent,

We have the same thought most exquisitely expressed in
Julius Cæsar:—

“As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.”

¹ So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in the mid-
night expedition of Nisus and Euryalus:—

“Rhamnetem aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis
Extractus, toto proflabat pectore somnum.”

² The old copy has—“Are the blither.” Steevens suggested
As, which Malone adopts. The present reading was suggested
by Mr. Dyce.

And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche³
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

- *Dumb Show.*

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants: a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former⁴. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a derne and painful perch⁵
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expense,
 Can stead the quest⁶. At last from Tyre
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire),
 To the court of King Simonides

³ i. e. eke out.

⁴ The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. "No man," says Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*:—

"Knew the soth cas,

But he hym selfe; what man he was."

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

⁵ *Derne* signifies *lonely, solitary*. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. "The careful search of Pericles is made by many a derne and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes which join the world together; with all due diligence."

⁶ i. e. *help, befriend, or assist the search*. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

"Can you so *stead* me
 To bring me to the sight of Isabella?"

Are letters brought; the tenour these :
 Antiochus and his daughter dead :
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none :
 The mutiny there he hastes t'oppress⁷ ;
 Says to them, if King Pericles
 Come not home, in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king :
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
 His queen, withchild, makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe) ;
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood⁸
 Varies again ; the grizzly north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near !
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform :
 I will relate ; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey :

⁷ i. e. to suppress : *opprimere*.

⁸ The old copy—"mov'd," but the rhyme and the sense both require the correction, which was made by Steevens.

Which might not what by me is told⁹.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship¹⁰, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast¹, rebuke these
 surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast

⁹ "The further consequences of this storm I shall not describe; what ensues may be conveniently exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related."

¹⁰ It is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage apparatus in the time of the author.

¹ It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath. "This great vast" is "this wide expanse." See vol. i. p. 23, note 38, and vol. iv. p. 6, note 2. The speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the folio, that it is here given to enable the reader to judge in what a corrupt state it has come down to us, and be induced to treat the attempts to restore it to integrity with indulgence:—

"The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
 Upon the windes command, bind them in Brasse;
 Having call'd them from the deep, O still
 Thy dearning dreadful thunders, daily quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes. O how Lychorida?
 How does my Queene? then storm venomously,
 Wilt thou spet all thy self? the Sea mans whistle
 Is as a whisper in the eares of death,
 Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!
 Divinest Patronesse and my Wife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity
 Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangs
 Of my Queenes travels? now Lychorida?"

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep! O still
 Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen?—Thou storm,—venomously
 Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, Oh
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida——

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
 Too young for such a place, who if it had
 Conceit² would die as I am like to do.
 Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
 Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
 A little daughter; for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
 Recall not what we give, and therein may

Pericles, having called to Lychorida, without the power to make her hear on account of the tempest, at last with frantic peevishness addresses himself to it:—

“Thou storm thou! venomously

Wilt thou spit all thyself?”

Having indulged himself in this question, he grows cooler, and observes that the very boatswain's whistle has no more effect on the sailors than the voices of those who speak to the dead. He then repeats his inquiries of Lychorida, but receiving no answer, concludes with a prayer for his queen.

² i. e. *who, if it had thought.*

Vie³ honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions⁴!
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child: happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding⁵ a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit⁶,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw⁷;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins⁸ there; thou wilt not, wilt
thou? Blow, and split thyself.

³ That is, contend with you in honour. The old copy reads—
"Use honour with you." See vol. iii. page 162, note 20.

⁴ Conditions are qualities, dispositions of mind. See vol. i. p. 146, note 20.

⁵ i. e. as noisy a one. See vol. ii. p. 368, note 15. The construction, omitting parentheses, is this:—"Mild may be thy life, quiet and gentle thy conditions, happy what follows." Perhaps *For* should commence the next line. Many of the expressions are from the novel.

⁶ i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is here used for conveyance into life.

⁷ A *flaw* is a stormy gust of wind. So in *Hamlet*:—

"To expel the winter's *flaw*."

⁸ *Bolins* or *bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable: they are slackened

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy bil-
low kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard ; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the
ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir ; with us at sea it still hath
been observed ; and we are strong in custom⁹. There-
fore briefly yield her ; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen !

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear .
No light, no fire ; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze¹⁰ ;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining¹¹ lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida !

when it is high. Thus in The Two Noble Kinsmen:—

“The wind is fair ;

Top the *bowling*.”

⁹ The old copy reads—“Strong in *easterne*.” The emendation
is Mr. Boswell's.

¹⁰ Old copy,—“in *oarc*.”

¹¹ The old copies erroneously read:—

“*The air-remaining lamps*.”

The emendation is Malone's. The propriety of it will be evident
if we recur to the author's leading thought, which is founded on
the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within
old monuments and receptacles for the dead perpetual (i. e. *aye-*
remaining) lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus Pope,
in his *Eloisa*:—

“Ah hopeless *lasting* flames, like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn !”

“Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, and perpetual
lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee
with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy
murmur over thy head.”

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffer¹²: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
 caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
 Alter thy course for Tyre¹³. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
 I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons
who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
 It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
 Till now I ne'er endur'd.

¹² The old copies have *coffin*. Pericles does not mean to bury his queen in this coffer (which was probably one lined with satin), but to take from thence the *cloth of state*, in which she was afterwards shrouded.

¹³ *Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go to Tharsus.*

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return ;
 There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
 That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
 And tell me how it works¹. [*To PHILEMON.*

[*Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who
 had been shipwrecked.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early ?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
 Shook, as the earth did quake ;

The very principals² did seem to rend,
 And al-to topple³ ; pure surprise and fear
 Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;
 'Tis not our husbandry⁴.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,
 having

¹ The precedent words show that the physick cannot be designed for the master of the servant here introduced. Perhaps the circumstance was introduced for no other reason than to mark more strongly the extensive benevolence of Cerimon. It could not be meant for the poor men who have just left the stage, to whom he has ordered kitchen physick.

² The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.

³ *Al-to* is a common augmentative in old language. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is used again in *Macbeth* :—

“ Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads.”

⁴ *Husbandry* here signifies *economical prudence*. So in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3 :—

“ Borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*.”

And in *King Henry V.*—

“ For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
 Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*.”

Rich tire⁵ about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

It is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer.

I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning⁶ were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physick, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice), made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives^a me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death⁷.

⁵ The gentlemen rose early because they were in lodgings, which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire* about him, meaning perhaps a *bed* more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. Steevens thinks that the reasoning of these gentlemen should have led them rather to say, *such towers about you*, i. e. *a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of the weather*.

⁶ i. e. *knowledge*.

^a The old copy has "which *doth* give me."

⁷ Steevens had seen an old Flemish print in which *Death* was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The Dance of Death appears to have been anciently a popular exhibition. Mr. Donce, then a stripping, (though Steevens chooses to say a venerable and aged clergyman,) informed him that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprise the *Merry*

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So ; lift there.

Cer. What is that ?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest ;

'Tis of some wrack.

Cer. Set it down, let's look on it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd !—

Did the sea cast it up ?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

Andrew, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered ; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley. It should seem that the general idea of this serio-comic *pas-de-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient Dance of Machabre, commonly called the Dance of Death, which appears to have been anciently acted in churches like the Moralities. The subject was a frequent ornament of cloisters both here and abroad. The reader will remember the beautiful series of wood cuts of the Dance of Death, attributed (though erroneously) to Holbein. Mr. Douce is in possession of an exquisite set of initial letters, representing the same subject ; in one of which the Fool is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or pebbles, an instrument used by modern merry Andrews.

Cer. Come, wrench it open ;
Soft, soft !—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So,—up with it.
O you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !

1 Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state ;
Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices !
A passport too ! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters ! [Unfolds a Scroll.]

Here I give to understand [Reads.]
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land⁶),
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king :
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe !—This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night ;
For look, how fresh she looks !—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

⁶ In Twine's translation of the story of Appolonius of Tyre this uncommon phrase *a-land*, is repeatedly used. In that version it is to Cerimon's pupil, Machaon, and not to Cerimon himself that the lady is indebted for her recovery.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—
 The rough and woful musick that we have,
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
 The viol once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou block ?—
 The musick there.—I pray you, give her air :—
 Gentlemen,
 This queen will live : nature awakes a warm
 Breath out of her ; she hath not been entranc'd
 Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
 Into life's flower again !

1 *Gent.* The heavens, through you, increase our
 wonder,
 And set up your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive ; behold,
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold⁹ ;
 The diamonds of a most praised water
 Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be ! *[She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
 Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is this¹⁰ ?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

⁹ So in the Tempest :—

“ The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
 And say what thou seest yond ? ”

¹⁰ This is from the Confessio Amantis :—

“ And first hir eyen up she caste,
 And when she more of strengthe caught,
 Her armes both forth she straughte ;
 Held up hir honde and piteouslie
 She spake, and saied, *Where am I ?*
Where is my lorde ? What worlde is this ? ”

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
and MARINA.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally¹,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!

¹ The old copy reads:—

"Your *shakes* of fortune, though they *haunt* you mortally,
Yet glance full *wond'ringly*," &c.

The folio, 1664, has, "though they *hate* you." The emendation
is by Steevens, who cites the following illustrations:—"Omnibus
telis fortunæ proposita sit vita nostra."—*Cicero Epist. Fam.*

"The shot of accident or *dart of chance.*" *Othello.*

"The slings and *arrows of outrageous fortune.*" *Hamlet.*

"I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to strike at
me, that your *arrow hath glanced.*"—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*
The sense of the passage seems to be, all the malice of fortune is
not confined to yourself, though her arrows strike deeply at you,
yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us; as
at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your
company at Tharsus.

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think²
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you),
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill³ in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,

² i. e. be satisfied that we cannot forget the benefits you have bestowed on us.

³ The old copy reads:—

"Though I show *will* in it."

And in the preceding line:—

"*Unsister'd* shall this *heir* of mine remain."

The corruption is obvious, as appears from a subsequent passage:—

"This ornament that makes me look so dismal

Will I, my lov'd Marina, *clip to form*," &c.

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore ;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune⁴ ; and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer : which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning¹ time ; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say : But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire².

⁴ i. e. *Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile.*

"Subdola quom ridet placidi pellacia ponti."

Lucret. ii. v. 559.

¹ The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*.

² i. e. *until you die*. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

"The date is out of such prolixity."

Again, in the same play :—

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all :
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER*¹.

Gower.

IMAGINE Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find²
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters ; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place³
Of general wonder. But alack !

“ And *expire* the term
Of a despised life.”

And in the Rape of Luerece :—

“ An *expir'd date*, cancell'd ere well begun.”

¹ In the quartos there is no division into acts and scenes. This chorus, and the two following scenes, in the folio, 1664, are printed as a part of the third act.

² The same expression occurs in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale* :—

“ Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my *scene* such growing
As you had slept between.”

³ The old copies read :—

“ Which makes *high* both the *art* and *place*.”

The emendation is by Steevens. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. *Place* here signifies *residence*. So in *A Lover's Complaint* :—

“ Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*.”

That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage rite⁴; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be:
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided⁵ silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl⁶ wound
 The cambrick, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records⁷ with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Wail⁸ to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute⁹ Marina: so

⁴ The folio and some copies of the quarto, 1609, have "ripe for marriage *sight*," which Malone changed to *fight*. Other copies have "*right* for marriage *sight*." In the MS. *rite* was most probably spelt *right*, and hence the confusion.

⁵ *Sleided silk*, is *unwrought silk*, prepared for weaving by passing it through the weaver's sley or reed-comb.

⁶ The old copies read *needle*, but the metre shows that we should read *needl*. The word is thus abbreviated in a subsequent passage in the first quarto. See *King John*, Act v. Sc. 2.

⁷ To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. Thus in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by Nicholas Breton, 1606:—

"Recording songs unto the Deitie."

The word is still used by bird fanciers. See vol. i. p. 174, note 1.

⁸ The old copy has *Vail*, probably a misprint. Steevens suggests that we should read *hail*. Malone proposed to substitute *wail*, which is evidently the word required.

⁹ i. e. *highly accomplished, perfect*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

"At sea
 He is an *absolute* master."

With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white¹⁰. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant¹¹ instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content¹² :
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

SCENE I. Tharsus. *An open Place near the
 Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it ;
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.

And in Greene's *Tu Quoque* :—"From an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover."

¹⁰ See p. 184 ante, note 3.

¹¹ *Pregnant* in this instance means *apt, quick*. *Prest* is *ready*

¹² "I do commend to your content."

Steevens conjectures that the poet wrote *consent* instead of *content*, but observes that perhaps the passage as it stands may mean, "I wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not yet been exhibited."

Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
 In flame too nicely¹; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death².
 Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy grave³ with flowers: the yellows, blues,

¹ The first quarto and folio read:—

“Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, in flaming thy love bosome,
 Enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie,” &c.

Malone reads:—

“Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
 Enflame too nicely, nor let pity,” &c.

Steevens proposed to omit the words “Inflame too nicely,” and “which even,” adding the pronoun *that*, in the following manner:—

“Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom;
 Nor let *that* pity women have cast off
 Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.”

The reading I have given is sufficiently intelligible, and deviates less from the old copy. *Nicely* here means *tenderly, fondly*. Great part of this scene is printed as prose in the old copies. The second *inflame* is probably a corruption.

² The old copy reads:—

“Here she comes weeping for her *onely* mistresse death.” As Marina had been trained in music, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lyeliorida could not have been her *only mistress*. The suggestion and emendation are Dr. Percy's.

³ The quartos have *green*; the folio reads *grave*. *Weed*, in old language, meant *garment*. Two lines lower we have *carpet* for *shaplet*.

The purple violets, and marigolds,
 Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave
 While summer days do last⁴. Ah me! poor maid,
 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,
 Whirring⁵ me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone⁶!
 How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
 Consume your blood with sorrowing⁷: you have
 A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's⁸ chang'd

⁴ So in *Cymbeline*:—

“With fairest flowers
 While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave.”

The old copy reads, “Shall as a carpet hang,” &c. the emendation is by Steevens.

⁵ Thus the early copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read:—

“Hurrying me from my friends.”

Whirring or *whirrying* had formerly the same meaning, a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to *whirr* away. The verb *to whirry* is used in the ballad of Robin Goodfellow, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 203:—

“More swift than winds away I go,
 O'er hedge and lands,
 Thro' pools and ponds,
 I *whirry*, laughing ho, ho, ho.”

Whirring is often used by Chapman in his version of the *Iliad*: so in book xvii.—

“Through the Greeks and Ilians they rapt
 The *whirring* chariot.”

The two last lines uttered by Marina, very strongly resemble a passage in Homer's *Iliad*, b. xix. l. 377:—

“τὲς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἄλλαι
 Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα ΦΙΛΩΝ ΑΠΑΝΕΥΘΕ ΦΕΡΟΥΣΙΝ.”

⁶ So in *Macbeth*:—

“How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?”

And in *King Henry IV. Part II.*—

“How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?”

Milton employs a similar form of words in *Comus*, v. 508:—

“How chance she is not in your company?”

Most of the old copies have *weep*.

⁷ In *King Henry VI. Part II.* we have “blood-consuming sighs.” See also *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 7, note.

⁸ i. e. *Countenance*, look.

With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
 Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar them⁹.
 Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
 Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
 I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
 I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart¹⁰. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports¹¹, thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve¹²
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you,
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
 Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:

⁹ The old copy, "Ere the sea mar it. Malone reads:—
 "Give me your wreath of flowers," &c.

¹⁰ That is, *with the same warmth of affection as if I were his countryman.*

¹¹ Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of it. So in *Othello*:—

"He hath achiev'd a maid

That paragon's description and wild fame."

¹² Reserve has here the force of *preserve*. So in Shakespeare's thirty-second Sonnet:—

"Reserve them for my love, not for their rhymes."

What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never were waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber¹⁵. *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion¹⁶.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray! but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am syorn

¹⁵ i. e. a sailor; one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the canvass or sails.

¹⁶ Steevens, with arbitrary license, thus regulates and reads this passage:—

"That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber. *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers *speedily*.
All the old editions have "from stern to stern."

To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life: come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,

And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt* Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II. *The same.**Re-enter LEONINE.*

Leon. These roving¹ thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes²;

And they have seized Marina. Let her go :
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further ;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.**Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.*

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is
full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by
being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no more than
they can do ; and with continual action are even as
good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd
in every trade, we shall never prosper.

¹ Old copy reads, "*roguing thieves.*"

² The Spanish Armada perhaps furnished this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play was not written, we may conclude, till after that period. The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate was probably relished by the audience in those days. There is a particular account of this Valdes in Robert Greene's *Spanish Masquerado*, 1589. He was then prisoner in England.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins¹ were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger²; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd³. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

¹ *Chequins.* The *Zecchino*, so called from *zecca*, was a gold coin of Venice, its value about seven or eight shillings.

² i. e. is not equal to it. So in *Othello*:—

“To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.”

And in *Antony and Cleopatra*, vol. viii.—

“His taunts and honours

Wag'd equal with him.”

³ There is a long note here by Malone in the *Variorum* edition, nothing to the purpose. The pander uses the expression “keep our door hatch'd,” as equivalent not to *carrying on business*, but to *shutting up shop*.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault³,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

³ *Fault* here means *misfortune*, as in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 1, "'tis your *fault*, 'tis your *fault*."

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers⁴ i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it⁵. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun⁶.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign⁷.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere⁸ profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

⁴ To *cower* is to *sink* or *crouch down*. Thus in K. Henry VI.—

“The splitting rocks *cow'rd* in the sinking sands.”

Again in Gammer Gurton's Needle:—

“They *cower* so o'er the coles, their eies be blear'd with smoke.”

⁵ i. e. *renovate it*. So in Cymbeline, Act i. Sc. 2:—

“O disloyal thing!

Thou should'st *repair* my youth.”

⁶ The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil*, *crowns of the sun*. The meaning of the passage is merely this:—“That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his money there.”

⁷ A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in Cymbeline:—
“She's a good sign; but I have seen small reflection of her wit.”

⁸ i. e. *an absolute, a certain profit*.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must : for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,——

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town : report what a sojourner we have : you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn ; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels⁹; as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways ; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose !

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you, will you go with us ?

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ Thunder is supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*.—

“ They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
Their slimy beds.”

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed¹. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact²: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent³,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,

¹ So in *Macbeth*:—"Wake Duncan with this knocking:—Ay, 'would, thou couldst!" In *Pericles*, as in *Macbeth*, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder.

² That is, "If thou hadst tasted the cup first, and thus been poisoned too." To *drink to him*, is used here in the sense of the office of taster at royal tables in old times. So, when King John is poisoned, Faulconbridge asks:—

"How did he take it? *who did taste to him?*"

The old copy reads *face*. The emendation is by Mr. Dyce. See *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 50, note 8.

³ An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an *idiot*. Mason proposed that we should read, "the *pious innocent*," and his conjecture is confirmed by the novel, in which it stands:—"If such a *pious innocent* as yourself do not reveal it unto him."

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent⁴, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then :
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain⁵ my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted⁶ at, and held a malkin⁷,

⁴ The first quarto has "*prince consent*," the second, "*whole consent*." Steevens made the judicious correction.

⁵ The old copy reads, "She did *disdain* my child." But Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *eclipsed* the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of the poet, *distained* them. In Tarquin and Lucrece we meet with the same verb again :—

"Were Tarquin night (as he is but night's child),
The silver-shining queen he would *distain*."

The verb is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of to *eclipse*, to throw into the shade ; and not in that of to *disgrace*, as Steevens asserts. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. Sc. 4, *ad finem*. The same cause for Dionyza's hatred to Marina is also alleged in Twine's translation :—"The people beholding the beautie and comlinesse of Tharsia, said—Happy is the father that hath Tharsia to his daughter ; but her companion that goeth with her is foule and ill-favoured. When Dionisiades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter, Philomacia, so dispraised, she returned home wonderful wrath," &c.

⁶ This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So in King Edward III. 1596 :—

"This day hath set derision on the French,
And all the world will *blurt* and scorn at us."

⁷ A coarse wench, not worth a good morrow.

Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,
 It greets me⁸ as an enterprise of kindness,
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle.

Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
 What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
 And even yet we mourn; her monument
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
 In glittering golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle.

Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, doth with an angel's face,
 Seize with an eagle's talons⁹.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
 Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies¹⁰;
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA
 at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
 short;
 Sail seas in cockles¹¹, have, and wish but for't;

⁸ *It greets me*, appears to mean *it salutes me*, or *is grateful to me*.
 So in King Henry VIII.—

“ ‘Would, I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot.”

⁹ The old copy—“*With thine angel's face*,” &c. *An*, as read,
 might easily be misheard *thine*, and the change is necessary both
 to sense and grammar; otherwise we must read, “a harpy *who* to
 betray dost,” &c. which is a more violent disturbance of the text.

¹⁰ This passage appears to mean, “You are so affectedly hu-
 mane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of
 winter in killing the flies. *Superstitious* is explained by John-
 son, *scrupulous beyond need*.”—*Boswell*.

¹¹ See Macbeth, Act i. Sc. 3, *ab init*

Making¹² (to take your imagination),
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 To use one language, in each several clime,
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas¹³
 (Attended on by many a lord and knight),
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late¹⁴
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
 This king to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought¹⁵;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone¹⁶.
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

¹² So in a former passage:—"O make for Tharsus." *Making*, &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story.—We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with *take your imagination*; i. e. "to take one's fancy."

¹³ So in King Henry V.—

"And there being seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the seas."

¹⁴ These lines are strangely misplaced in the old copy. The transposition and corrections are by Steevens.

¹⁵ This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone altered to "*his pilot thought.*" I do not see the necessity of the change. The passage as it is will bear the interpretation given to the correction:—"Let your imagination steer with him, be his pilot, and, by accompanying him in his voyage, *think this pilot-thought.*"

¹⁶ *Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there.*

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES, with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe¹⁷;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
show'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel¹⁸ tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit¹⁹
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the Inscription on MARINA'S Monument.

*The fairest, sweet'st²⁰, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.*

¹⁷ i. e. for such tears as were shed when the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. Perhaps, however, we ought to read, "true told woe."

¹⁸ So in King Richard III.—

"O, then began the tempest of my soul."

What is here called his mortal vessel (i. e. his body) is styled by Cleopatra her mortal house.

¹⁹ i. e. Now be pleased to know. So in Gower:—

"In which the lorde hath to him writte,
That he would understande and witte."

²⁰ Sweet'st must be read here as a monosyllable, as highest in The Tempest:—"Highest queen of state," &c. Steevens observes that we might more elegantly read, omitting the conjunction and:—

"The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here."

*She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis²¹, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
 Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint²²),
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
 No visor does become black villainy,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady fortune ; while our scene must play²³
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. [Exit.]*

SCENE V. Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there ! did you ever dream of such a thing ?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses : shall we go hear the vestals sing ?

²¹ The inscription alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina ; at which time the sea, proudly over-swelling its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurrieanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element ; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens ; and that Thetis in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores.—*Mason.*

²² i. e. never cease.

²³ The old copy—"while our *stcare* must play." Mr. Knight reads *tears*.

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her : she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees ; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me !

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now ? How¹ a dozen of virginities ?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless² your honour !

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

¹ This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity :—

“ How a score of ewes now ? ”

² The use of *to* in composition with verbs is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See also vol. i. p. 273, note 7.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to an anchor³ to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

³ The old copy, which both Steevens and Malone considered corrupt in this place, reads,—“That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives good report to a number to be chaste,” which, in my mind has little meaning. I have ventured to substitute *an anchor*, i.e. A HERMIT or *anchoret*. The word being formerly written *ancher*, *anchor*, and even *anher*, it is evident that in old MSS. it might readily be mistaken for a number. The word is used by the Player Queen in *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

“An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope.”

It is evident that some character contrasted to *bawd* is required by the context.

Lys. I beseech you, do

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [To *MAR.* whom she takes aside.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governour of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal⁴ fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced⁵ yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester⁶ at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

⁴ This uncommon adjective is again used in *Coriolanus*:—

“The virginal palms of your daughters.”

⁵ A term from the equestrian art; but still in familiar language applied to persons chiefly in a bad sense with its compound *thorough-paced*.

⁶ i. e. a wanton. See vol. iii. p. 338, note 22.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governour of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage⁷.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

⁷ Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly,—“Proceed with your fine moral discourse.”

Perséver still in that clear^b way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue^c, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from
me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse,*
BOULT enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your
house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit LYSIMACHUS.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth
a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope¹⁰,
shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like
a spaniel. Come your ways.

^b *Clear is pure, innocent.* Thus in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* :—

“For the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses.”

So in *The Tempest* :—

“Nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.”

^c “Thy mother was
A piece of virtue.” *Tempest.*

So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, alluding to *Octavia* :—

“Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us.”

¹⁰ i. e. under the cope or canopy of heaven.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable¹¹.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. 'Would, she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays¹²! [Exit Bawd.]

¹¹ Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny, b. xxxvi. ch. xxvi.; but more circumstantially by Petronius. Var. Edit. p. 189. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of making glass malleable, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 44.

¹² Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing¹³.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel¹⁴ That hither comes inquiring for his Tib;

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs¹⁵.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou do'st. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

¹³ So in King Henry IV. Part II.—

"*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee *one thing*, Poins?

Poins. Go to, I stand the push of your *one thing*."

¹⁴ A *coystrel* is a *low mean person*. See vol. iii. p. 383, note 3 *Tib* was a common name for a *strumpet*.

"They wondred much at Tom, but at *Tib* more; Faith (quoth the vicker) 'tis an exlent w——."

Nosce Te, by Richard Turner, 1607.

¹⁵ Steevens observes that Marina, who is designed for a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too knowing in the impurities of a brothel; nor are her expressions more chastised than her ideas.

Any of these ways are better yet than this :
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he speak, would own a name too dear¹⁶.
That the gods would safely deliver me
From this place ! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee : if
I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women ?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there's no going but by their consent : therefore
I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and
I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.
Come, I'll do for thee what I can ; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁶ That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonoured by such a profession. Iago says, " Ere I would drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity with a *baboon*."

ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.**Gower.*

MARINA thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays :
 Deep clerks she dumbs¹, and with her needl² com-
 poses
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry :
 That even her art sisters the natural roses :
 Her inkle³ silk, twin with the rubied cherry .
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, at sea, tumbled and tost ;

¹ The following passage from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is adduced only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity ; Marina silences the learned persons, with whom she converses, by her literary superiority :—

“ Where I have come great *clerks* have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
 And in conclusion *dumbly* have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome.”

Again in *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

“ That what I would have spoke
 Was beastly *dumb* by him.”

See Act i. Sc. 5, note.

² i. e. *needle*. See p. 196, note 6, [Act iv. Chorus].

³ *Inkle* appears to have been a particular kind of *silk thread* or *worsted* used in embroidery. See vol. iv. p. 80, note 27. Rider translates *inkle* by *filum textile*.

And driven before the wind, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city's hiv'd⁴
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship spies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight⁵;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might⁶,
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene.*

*A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it;
 PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge
 lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.*

*Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel,
 the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.*

Tyr. Sail. Where's the Lord Helicanus? he can re-
 solve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*]

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
 And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

⁴ The old copy has—"The city *striv'd*." I read, with Steevens, *The city's hiv'd*, i. e. *the citizens are collected like bees in a hive*. We have the verb in *The Merchant of Venice*:—"Drones *hive* not with me."

⁵ "Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. Suppose you see what we cannot exhibit to you; think this stage the bark of the melancholy Pericles."

⁶ "Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit." The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. Some modern editions read, "*more of might*;" which, if there was authority for it, should seem to mean "*more of greater consequence*."

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
Greet them fairly.

*[The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend,
and go on board the Barge.]*

*Enter, from thence LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the
Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king:
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue¹ his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss

¹ i.e. To lengthen or prolong his grief. *Prorogued* is used in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*:—

“My life were better ended by their hate
Than death *prorogued* wanting of thy love.”

Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel.

You may indeed,

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, [*PERICLES discovered*².] this was
a goodly person,

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night³,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
wager,

Would win some words of him⁴.

Lys.

'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts⁵,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon⁶

² Few of the stage-directions, that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives represented him as remaining in the cabin of his ship; but as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given.

³ The old copies read, "one mortal wight." The emendation is Malone's. *Mortal* is here used for *deadly*, *destructive*.

⁴ This circumstance resembles another in *All's Well that Ends Well*, where Lafew gives an account of Helena's attractions to the king before she is introduced to attempt his cure.

⁵ The old copy reads, "*defended* parts." Malone made the alteration, which he explains thus: i. e. "his *ears*, which are to be assailed by Marina's melodious voice." Steevens would read, "deafen'd ports," meaning *the oppilated doors of hearing*."

⁶ Steevens prints this passage in the following manner; cor-

The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit
Lord in the Barge of* LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province?—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge^b, Lord, MARINA, and a
Young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

rected and amended so as to run smooth no doubt, but with
sufficient license:—

*"She all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is with her fellow maidens now within."*

Difficulties have been raised about this passage as it stands; but
surely it is as intelligible as many others in this play. *Upon a
leafy shelter*, which is the great stumbling-block, appears to
mean, *Upon a spot which is sheltered*.

⁷ The old copy has, "And so *inflict* our province." There can
be little doubt that the poet wrote:—

"And so afflict our province."

We have no example of to *inflict* used by itself for to *punish*.

⁸ It appears that when *Pericles* was originally performed the
theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as, by any stretch
of imagination, could be supposed to present either a sea or a

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd she came

Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty⁹
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat¹⁰
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous !

[MARINA sings¹¹.

Lys. Mark'd he your musick ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

ship ; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port in their *mind's eye* only. This license being once granted to the poet, the lord in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina without any sensible impropriety ; and the present drama exhibited before such indulgent spectators was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. See Malone's Historical Account of the English stage.

⁹ The quarto of 1609 reads :—

“ Fair on all goodness that consists in *beauty*,” &c.

The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between Helena and the King, in *All's Well that Ends Well*.

¹⁰ The old copy has “ artificial *fate*.” The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

¹¹ This song (like most of those that were sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. It may have been formed on the lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The reader desirous of consulting the Latin hexameters, or Twine's translation of them, may consult the *Variorum Shakespeare*. There was not merit enough in them to warrant their production in this abridged commentary.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings¹²:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward¹³ casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence¹⁴.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?

¹² So in *Othello*:—

“I fetch my birth
From men of royal siege.”

¹³ *Awkward* is *adverse*. So in *King Henry VI. Part II.*—

“And twice by *awkward* wind from England's bank
Drove back again.”

¹⁴ This seems to refer to a part of the story that is made no use of in the present scene. Thus in *Twine's* translation:—
“Then Appolonius fell in rage, and forgetting all courtesie, &c. rose up sodainly and stroke the maiden,” &c. *Pericles* however afterwards says:—

“Did'st thou not say, when I did *push thee back*
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st
From good descending?”

Here of these shores¹⁵ ?

Mar. No, nor of any shores :
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been¹⁶ : my queen's square
brows ;

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly : in pace another Juno ;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live ?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe¹⁷ ?

¹⁵ This passage is strangely corrupt in the old copies :—

"*Per.* I do think so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like
something that, what country women heare of these shewes," &c.

"*Mar.* Nor of any shewes," &c.

For the ingenious emendation, *shores* instead of *shewes*, as well as
the regulation of the whole passage, Malone confesses his obligation
to the Earl of Charlemont.

¹⁶ So *Dæmones*, in the *Rudens* of Plautus, exclaims, on beholding
his long lost child :—

"O filia

Mea ! cum ego hanc video, mearum me absens miseriarum
communes.

Trima quæ periit mihi : jam tanta esset, si vivit, scio."

"It is observable that some of the leading incidents in this play
strongly remind us of the *Rudens*. There *Arcturus*, like *Gower*,
προλογίζει.—In the Latin comedy, fishermen, as in *Pericles*, are
brought on the stage, one of whom drags on shore in his net the
wallet which principally produces the catastrophe ; and the heroine
of Plautus, and *Marina*, fall alike into the hands of a procurer :
a circumstance on which much of the plot in both these dramatick
pieces depends."—*Holt White*.

¹⁷ i.e. *possess*. The meaning of the compliment is :—These
endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd¹⁸ truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act¹⁹. What were thy friends?

being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner. One of Timon's flatterers says—

“You mend the jewel by wearing of it.”

¹⁸ Shakespeare when he means to represent any quality of the mind, &c. as eminently perfect, furnishes the personification with a crown. See the 37th and 144th Sonnets. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne, where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.”

¹⁹ “By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity
and preventing her from using her uplifted sword.” *Extremity*,

How lost thou them²⁰? Thy name, my most kind
 virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
 To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name was given me

By one that had some power; my father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter? and call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
 I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-motion?
 Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,

For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
 Who died the minute I was born,
 As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

(though not personified as here) is in like manner used for the
 utmost of human suffering in King Lear:—

“Another,

To amplify too much, would make much more
 And top extremity.”

So in Twelfth Night:—

“She sat like *Patience* on a monument
 Smiling at Grief.”

²⁰ *Them*, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by Malone,

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little !
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal : [*Aside*] this cannot be ;
My daughter's buried. Well :—where were you bred ?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce²¹ believe me ; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver²². Yet, give me leave :—
How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me ;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me ? Why do you weep ? It
may be,

You think me an impostor ; no, good faith ;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my gracious lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general : Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep ?

Hel. I know not ; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,

²¹ The old copy—"You scorn." Malone made the substitution.

²² That is, I will believe every *the minutest part* of what you say. So in All's Well that Ends Well :—

"To the utmost *syllable* of your worthiness."

And in Macbeth :—

"To the last *syllable* of recorded time."

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage ; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again ! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us ; This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep²³.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title ?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect), the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father²⁴.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,

²³ i. e. in plain language, "though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity."

²⁴ I adopt Mason's very happy correction of *life* for *like*, in the last line of this speech. Malone reads:

"*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drowned queen's name (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) the heir of kingdoms,
And a mother like to Pericles thy father."

Mason's emendation is supported by what Pericles says in the preceding speech:—

"O come hither

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget."

But perhaps we should read:—"And be the heir of kingdoms."

The minute I began²⁵.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon), she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Mar. A pillow for his head;

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES
is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friend²⁶,

²⁵ So in *The Winter's Tale*:—

“Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

Give me that hand of yours to kiss.”

²⁶ The old copy gives this passage to Lysimachus, and reads:—

“Well, my companion-friends.”

Malone made the alteration, observing that this recollection of her lowly companion suits well the character of Marina. and there is

If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.

SCENE II. *The same.*

PERICLES *on the Deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a Vision*¹.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life².

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do it, and happy³, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine⁴,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

nothing that makes the lines appropriate to Lysimachus. Observing that a lady had entered with her, and Marina says, I will use my utmost skill in the recovery of Pericles—

“Provided

That none but I and my companion-maid
Be suffered to come near him.”

¹ This vision appears to be founded on a passage in Gower.

² We have here *like for life* again in the old copy, confirming Mason's happy conjecture. The passage appears to mean:—
“Draw such a picture as shall prove itself to have been copied from real, not from pretended calamities; such a one as shall strike the hearers with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.”

³ All recent editors have interpolated *be* here, and read, “Do't and *be* happy,” without the least necessity.

⁴ i.e. *regent of the silver moon*. In the language of alchemy, which was well understood when this play was written, *Luna* or *Diana* means *silver*, as *Sol* does *gold*.

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel.

Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown⁵ sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
[*To* LYSIMACHUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
ashore,
I have another suit⁶.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys.

Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at*
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done⁷.
This, as my last boon, give me
(For such kindness must relieve me),
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,

⁵ That is, *our swollen sails*. So in Antony and Cleopatra:—
"A vent upon her arm, and something *blown*."

⁶ Suit is erroneously *sleight* in the old copies. The correction is by Malone.

⁷ The old copy reads *dum*. And in the last line of this chorus *doom* instead of *boon*.

That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
 To fair Marina ; but in no wise
 Till he⁸ had done his sacrifice,
 As Dian bade : whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound⁹.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus :
 THAISA standing near the Altar, as High Priestess ;
 a number of Virgins on each side ; CERIMON and
 other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train ; LYSIMACHUS,
 HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery¹. She at Tharsus
 Was nurs'd with Cleon ; whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder : but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene : against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,

⁸ i. e. *Pericles*.

⁹ *Confound* here signifies to consume.

"He did *confound* the best part of an hour
 Exchanging hardiment with great Glendow'r."

King Henry V.

¹ i. e. *her white robe of innocence*, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai.

Voice and favour!—

You are—you are—O royal Pericles²!—

[*She faints.*

Per. What means the woman?—she dies! help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd!

Early, one blust'ring morn^a, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and

² The similitude between this scene and the discovery in the last act of *The Winter's Tale* will strike every reader.

In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance, formerly in Dr. Farmer's possession, mentioned in the Preliminary Remarks, this is told with simplicity and pathos. I lay it before the reader as a philological curiosity:—

“The whiles he expounede thus hys lyf
W^t sorwe & stedfast thouzt,
He tolde hit to hys owene wyf,
Sche knew him [though] he hire nought,
Heo caught hym in hire armes two,
For joye sche ne myght spek a word,
The kyng was wroth & pitte her fro;
Heo cryede loude—‘ye beth my lord,
I am youre wyf, youre leof yore,
Archistrata ye lovede so,
The kynges dought^r y was bore,
Archistrates he ne hadde na mo.’
Heo clipte hym & eft^r * * * kysse
And saide thus byfore hem alle
Ze seeth Appolyn the kyng
My mayst^r that taugt me all my good”——

Cetera desunt.

* The old copies have “in blust'ring morn.”

Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple³.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house⁴,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense⁵ bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord!
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and
drown'd⁶.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring.

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport⁷: You shall do well,

³ The same situation occurs in the Comedy of Errors, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery.

⁴ This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione in The Winter's Tale. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina.

⁵ Sense is here used for sensual passion.

⁶ Drown'd in this instance does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it. Thus Knolles, History of the Turks:—"Galleys might be drowned in the harbour with the great ordnance, before they could be rigged."

⁷ So in King Lear:—

"It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt."

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen^s. O come! be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to* THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power;
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer

^s This is a sentiment which Shakespeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So in the 39th Psalm:—"O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and *be no more seen*." The same thought is expressed by Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*:—

"Not like a corse;—or if—not to *be buried*
But quick, and in *mine arms*."

More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana! I bless thee for thy vision,
I will offer night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed⁹ of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form¹⁰;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify¹¹.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead¹².

⁹ i. e. *fairly contracted, honourably affianced.*

¹⁰ The old copy gives this passage in the following imperfect manner:—

“And now

This ornament,

Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form,” &c.

¹¹ The author has here followed Gower or the *Gesta Romanorum*:—

“This a vowe to God I make
That I shall never for hir sake,
My berde for no lykynge chawe,
Till it befall that I have
In convenable time of age
Bezette her unto marriage.”

The poet has, however, been guilty of a slight inadvertency. If Pericles made the vow almost immediately after the birth of Marina, it was hardly necessary for him to make it again, as he has done, when he arrived at Tharsus.

¹² In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance the father dies in his daughter's arms:—

“Zitt was hye fader-in-lawe a lyve
Archistrater the goud kyng,
Folk come ageynes hym so blyve
As eny myght by othir thyng;

Per. Heavens make a star of him¹³ ! Yet there, my queen,
 We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
 Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
 Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
 To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus¹⁴, and his daughter, you have heard
 Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
 In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
 (Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen),
 Virtue preserv'd¹⁵ from fell destruction's blast,
 Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
 In Helicanus may you well descry
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
 The worth that learned charity aye wears.

They song daunsede & were blythe,
 That ever he myghte that day yseo,
 And thonked God a thousand sythe,
 The kyng was gladdest ever be ye.
 Tho he saw hem alle by fore
 Hys dought^r & hys sone in lawe,
 And hys dought^r so fair y core,
 A kyngis wyfe heo was wel fawe,
 And her chyld ther also
 Al elene of kyngis blod,
 He buste hem, ho was glad tho
 But the olde kyng so goud.
 He made hem dwelle that yer
 AND DEYDE IN HYS DOUGHT^{RS} ARM."

¹³ This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.

¹⁴ The old copy reads *Antiochus*. Steevens altered it to *Antioch*, observing that in Shakespeare's other plays we have *France for the king of France* ; *Morocco for the king of Morocco*, &c.

¹⁵ Old copies, "Virtue *preferr'd*."

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them¹⁶; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[Exit GOWER.]

¹⁶ *Them*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by Malōne.





KING JOHN.



KING JOHN



Constance. Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

ACT iii. SC. 1



KING JOHN.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS historical play was founded on a former drama, entitled "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Majesties Players in the honourable Cittie of London." This piece, which was in two parts, was "printed at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591," without the author's name: was again republished in 1611, with the letters W. Sh. in the title-page; and afterwards, in 1622, with the name of William Shakespeare at length. It is included among the "Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded," &c. published by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Nichols in 1779.

Shakespeare has followed the old play in the conduct of its plot, and has even adopted some of its lines. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece; ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin and ballad metre; and, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour which, from their particular turn, were most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakespeare. Pope attributes the old play to Shakespeare and Rowley conjointly; but we know not on what foundation. It was written, I believe, (says Malone) by Robert Greene or George Peele. Dr. Farmer thinks there is no doubt that Rowley was the author; and when Shakespeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one under his name. Others have thought that it was by Marlowe, on account of the mention of Tamburlaine in the prologue; but from the difference of style in the two parts it is most probable that more than one writer was concerned.

Though, as Johnson observes, King John is not "written with

the utmost power of Shakespeare," yet it has parts of pre-eminent pathos and beauty, and characters highly interesting drawn with great force and truth. The scene between John and Hubert is perhaps one of the most masterly and striking which our poet ever penned. The secret workings of the dark and turbulent soul of the usurper, ever shrinking from the full developement of his own bloody purpose, the artful expressions of grateful attachment by which he wins Hubert to do the deed, and the sententious brevity of the close, manifest that consummate skill and wonderful knowledge of human character which are to be found in Shakespeare alone. But what shall we say of that heart-rending scene between Hubert and Arthur, a scene so deeply affecting the soul with terror and pity, that even the sternest bosom must melt into tears; it would perhaps be too overpowering for the feelings, were it not for the "alleviating influence of the innocent and artless eloquence of the poor child." His death afterwards, when he throws himself from the prison walls, excites the deepest commiseration for his hapless fate. The maternal grief of Constance, moving the haughty unbending soul of a proud queen and affectionate mother to the very confines of the most hopeless despair, bordering on madness, is no less finely conceived than sustained by language of the most impassioned and vehement eloquence. How exquisitely beautiful are the following lines:—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed; walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

Shakespeare has judiciously preserved the character of the Bastard Faulconbridge, which was furnished him by the old play, to alleviate by his comie humour the poignant grief excited by the too painful events of the tragie part of the play. Faulconbridge is a favourite with every one: he is not only a man of wit, but an heroic soldier; and we lean toward him from the first for the good humour he displays in his litigation with his brother respecting the succession to his supposed father:—

"He hath a trick of Cœur de Lion's face,
The very spirit of Plantagenet!"

This bespeaks our favour toward him: his courage, his wit, and his frankness secure it.

Schlegel has remarked that, in this play, "the political warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they possess but little true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch are evident in the style of the manifesto; conventional dignity is most indispensable when personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge ridicules the secret springs of

politics without disapproving them, but frankly confesses that he is endeavouring to make his fortune by similar means, and wishes rather to belong to the deceivers than the deceived." Our commiseration is a little excited for the fallen and degraded monarch toward the close of the play. The death of the king and his previous suffering are not among the least impressive parts; they carry a pointed moral.

Malone places the date of the composition in 1596. Chalmers in 1598. It is mentioned by Meres in his list of Shakespeare's plays given in 1598, but may have been then a recent production.

It was first printed in the folio of 1623.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN :

PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards King Henry III.*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.*

WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, chief Justiciary of England.*

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge:*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to King Richard the First.*

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*



KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

King John.

NOW, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour¹, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

K. John. Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories ;

¹ *In my behaviour*, i. e. *by me*. "In the words and action I am now going to use." In the fifth act of this play the Bastard says to the French king :—

"Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak *in me*."

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles ;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this ?

Chat. The proud control² of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for
blood,

Controlment for controlment : so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace :
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard³ :
So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen⁴ presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have :—
Pembroke, look to't ; Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE

Eli. What now, my son ? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

² *Control* here means *constraint* or *compulsion*. In the second act of King Henry V. when Exeter demands of the King of France the surrender of his crown, the king answers, "Or else what follows?" and Exeter replies:—

"Bloody *constraint* ; for if you hide the crown,
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it."

³ I have before observed that the anachronism of anticipating the use of cannon was disregarded by the poet. It occurs again in *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 2.

⁴ *Sullen*, i. e. *gloomy*, *dismal*. Thus in King Henry VI. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2:—

"Why are thy eyes fixed on the *sullen* earth ?"
And in King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 3:—

"The *sullen* passage of thy weary steps."
So Milton in his Sonnet to his friend Lawrence:—

"Help waste a *sullen* day."

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
 Upon the right and party of her son?
 This might have been prevented and made whole,
 With very easy arguments of love!
 Which now the manage⁵ of two kingdoms must
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for
 us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your
 right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
 Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
 Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
 That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*]
 Our abbies and our priories shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,
and PHILIP, his bastard Brother⁶.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Yôur faithful subject I, a gentleman,

⁵ *Manage*, i. e. *conduct, administration.* So in *K. Richard II.*:—
 "For the rebels

Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege."

⁶ Shakespeare in adopting the character of Philip Faulconbridge
 from the old play, proceeded on the following slight hint.—

"Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,

A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous."

The character is compounded of two distinct personages. "Sub
 illius temporis curriculo *Falcasius de Brete, Neusteriensis, et spu-*
rius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manti-
cato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat."—*Matthew Paris.*
 Holinshed says that "Richard I. had a natural son named Philip,
 who, in the year following, killed the Viscount de Limoges to re-
 venge the death of his father." Perhaps the name of Faulcon-

Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year;
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being
younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r? I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

bridge was suggested by the following passage in the continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, 6:—"One *Faulconbridge*, th' erle of Kent his *bastarde*, a stoute-hearted man."

⁷ *Whe'r*, i. e. *whether*, contracted on account of the metre.

And were our father, and this son like him ;—
O ! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us
here !

Eli. He hath a trick⁸ of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father ;
With that half face⁹ would he have all my land :
A half-faced groat¹⁰ five hundred pound a year !

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much ;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land ;
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
The advantage of his absence took the king,

⁸ Shakespeare uses the word *trick* generally in the sense of "a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature." Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. Sc. 1 :—

"Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour."

And in *King Henry IV. Part I.*—"That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly mine own opinion ; but chiefly a villainous *trick* of thine eye."

⁹ The old copy—"With half that face." Theobald made the manifestly requisite correction.

¹⁰ The poet makes Faulconbridge allude to the silver groats of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. which had on them a *half-face* or profile. In the reign of John there were no groats at all, the first being coined in the reign of Edward III. The same contemptuous allusion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601 :—

"You *half-faced* groat, you thick cheek'd chitty face."

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
 Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
 But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores¹¹
 Between my father and my mother lay
 (As I have heard my father speak himself),
 When this same lusty gentleman was got.
 Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
 His lands to me : and took it, on his death,
 That this my mother's son was none of his ;
 And, if he were, he came into the world
 Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
 Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
 My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
 And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
 Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
 In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
 My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
 Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes¹²,—
 My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
 To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

¹¹ This is *Homerie*, and is thus rendered by Chapman in the first *Iliad* :—

“ Hills enow, and farre-resounding seas
 Powre out their shades and deepes betweene.”

¹² i. e. *this is the decision of both fact and law.*

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather, — be a Faulcon-bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence¹³, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his¹⁴, like him:
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings¹⁵
goes!"

And, to¹⁶ his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob¹⁷ in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune.
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,

¹³ *Lord of thy presence*, means *possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance*, resembling thy great progenitor. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem of *The Happy Man* we have a line resembling this:—

"*Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.*"

¹⁴ *Sir Robert his* for *Sir Robert's*; *his*, according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case.

¹⁵ Queen Elizabeth coined threepenny, threehalfpenny, and threefarthing pieces; these pieces all had her head on the obverse, and some of them a *rose* on the reverse. Being of silver, they were extremely *thin*; and hence the allusion. The *roses* stuck in the ear, or in a lock near it, were generally of ribbon; but Burton says that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear. Some gallants had their ears bored, and wore their mistresses' silken shoestrings in them.

¹⁶ *To his shape*, i. e. *in addition to it*.

¹⁷ *Sir Nob*, i. e. *Robert*. Old copy has, "*It would not.*"

Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down, Philip, but rise more great:
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet¹⁹.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your
hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What
though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch²⁰:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy
desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

¹⁹ *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nick-name by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished from his wearing a broom-stalk, i.e. *planta genista*, in his bonnet.

²⁰ These expressions were common in the time of Shakespeare for being born out of wedlock.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got with the way of honesty²¹.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any lady:—
*Good den*²², Sir Richard,—God's mercy, fellow;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective²³, and too sociable, fellow²⁵,—
For your conversion²⁴. Now your travels;
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries²⁶:—*My dear sir*,
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,)

²¹ The allusion is to the proverb:—"Bastards are born lucky."

²² *Good den*, good evening. It is also sometimes used for *good day*.

²³ *Respective* does not here mean *respectful*, as the commentators have explained it, but *considerative*, *regardful*. See *Merchant of Venice*, Act v. Sc. 1. Archdeacon Nares has given this word with three different meanings! In this passage he also makes it signify *respectful*; in other passages *respectable*, and elsewhere *careful*. In all the passages he cites it has but one signification, i. e. *considerative*, *regardful*.

²⁴ *Conversion*, i. e. *change of condition*.

²⁵ It is said in *All's Well that Ends Well*, that "a good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been, as it still continues, the discourse of the last travelled celebrity. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions. *At my worship's mess*, means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed. See note on *The Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 2, p. 17. "Your *worship*" was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as "your *honour*" was to a lord.

²⁶ *My picked man of countries* may be equivalent to *my travelled fop*: *picked* generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. *Conquisite* is explained in the dictionaries, *exquisitely*, *pickedly*: so that our modern *exquisites* and *dundies* are of the same race.

And then comes answer like an absey-book²⁷ :—
O sir, says answer, at your best command;
 At your employment; at yo^r service, sir:—
No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir*, at yours:
 And, so, ere answer knows what question would
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po),
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation²⁸ :
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no);
 And, not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her²⁹ ?
Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.
 O me! it is my mother;—How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where
 is he,
I shall beseech you—That is question now;

²⁷ An ABC or *absey-book*, as it was then called, is a *catechism*.

²⁸ *That doth not smack of observation*, i. e. "he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries." The old copies misprint *smoak* for *smack*.

²⁹ The allusion is double. To the *horn* which a *post* blows, and to such a *horn* as the Bastard's mother had bestowed on her husband.

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant³⁰, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow³¹!—James,
There's toys abroad³²; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me³³? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-
like³⁴:

³⁰ Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The History of Guy was a popular book in the poet's age. Drayton has described the combat very pompously in his *Polyolbion*, Song xii.

³¹ The Bastard means "*Philip!* Do you take me for a *sparrow*?" The sparrow was called *Philip* from its note, which was supposed to have some resemblance to that word, "*phip phip* the sparrows as they fly."—*Lyly's Mother Bombie*. The new made *Sir Richard* spurns the familiar *Philip* with affected contempt.

³² *There's toys abroad*, i. e. *certain trifling changes have come to pass*.

³³ The folios print this line defectively, *Could get me*. It has been usual to supply the word *he*, which has more vivacity than the *not* substituted by the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio.

³⁴ This is a piece of satire on the stupid old drama of *Soliman*

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
 But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
 I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
 Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 To make room for him in my husband's bed:——
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence³⁵,
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
 Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,

and Perseda, printed in 1599, which had probably become the butt for stage sarcasm. In this piece there is a bragging cowardly knight called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown and seen through that Piston, a buffoon servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates; thus:—

Bas. O, I swear, I swear.

Pist. By the contents of this blade,—

Bas. By the contents of this blade,—

Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco—

Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.

Pist. *Knave*, good fellow, *knave*.

³⁵ The old copies read:—

“Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
 That art the issue of my dear offence.”

The words being contractedly written *y^u* and *y^t* were often confounded.

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts³⁶,
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
 Who says it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria¹, and Forces ; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces ; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lewis.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria. —
 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave :
 And, for amends to his posterity,

³⁶ Shakespeare alludes to the fabulous history of King Richard I. which says that he derived his appellation of *Cœur de Lion* from having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he had been exposed by the Duke of Austria for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. The story is related in several of the old chronicles, as well as in the old metrical romance.

¹ Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the date of the events upon which this play turns. The cause of the enmity between Richard and the Duke of Austria is variously related by the old chroniclers. Shakespeare has been led into this anachronism by the old play of King John.

At our importance², hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained³ love:
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more⁴ requital to your love.

² *Importance*, i. e. *importance*. See *Twelfth Night*, Act v. Se. 1.

³ So the old copies, and the antithesis of the hand without *power*, but love without *stain*, is both lucid and forcible. Mr. Collier's corrector substitutes *unstrained*, which, in the sense of *unconstrained*, would be plausible, but Shakespeare twice applies *strained* to love, and to faith and troth, as expressive of *purity*; the implied sense is, therefore, not suitable to Shakespeare's phraseology.

⁴ *More*, i. e. *greater*. So in *K. Henry IV. Part I. Act iv. Se. 3*:—
 "The more and less came in with eap and knee."

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be
bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages:—

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,

Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace, which here we urge in war:

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,

That hot rash haste so indiscreetly⁵ shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,

Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,

We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I.

His marches are expedient⁶ to this town,

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Até⁷, stirring him to blood and strife:

⁵ The old copy has *indirectly*. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substituted *indiscreetly*.

⁶ *Expedient*, i. e. *immediate*, *expeditious*.

⁷ The old copies have *Ace*. Até is the goddess of Discord.

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd :
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now, the English bottoms have waft⁷ o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[*Drums beat.*

The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance ; they are at hand,
 To parley. or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;
 For courage mounteth with occasion :
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,
 PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace
 permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
 If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England ; if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace !
 England we love ; and, for that England's sake,

⁷ *Waft*, for *wafted*. So in another place in this play we have
heat for heated :—

“The iron of itself though *heat* red hot.”

With burden of our armour here we sweat.
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:—
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his.
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief⁸ into as huge a volume.
 That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
 And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commis-
 sion, Francee,
 To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
 thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
 Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
 And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
 That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!⁹

⁸ A brief is a short writing, abstract, or description.

⁹ "Surely," says Holinshed, "Queen Eleanor, the king's mo-

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband ; and this boy
 Likier in feature to his father Geffrey,
 Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
 His father never was so true begot ;
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother¹⁰.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
 father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot
 thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier¹¹.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you.
 An 'a may catch your hide and you alone¹².
 You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard¹³.
 I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
 Sirrah, look to't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

ther, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto
 by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occa-
 sion, given in behalfe of the childe ; for that she saw, if he were
 king, *how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule*
within the realme of Englande, till her son should come of lawful
 age to governe of himselfe. So hard a thing it is to bring women to
 agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary."

¹⁰ Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis
 the VIIth, when they were in the Holy Land ; on account of which
 he was divorced from her. She afterwards, in 1151, married our
 King Henry II.

¹¹ Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence* made by criers
 in the courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced
O-yes. Austria had just said *Peace* !

¹² Austria, who had killed King Richard Cœur-de-Lion, wore,
 as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to
 him. This was the ground of the Bastard's quarrel.

¹³ The proverb alluded to is—"Mortuo leoni et lepores insul-
 tant."—*Erasmæ Adagia*.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes¹⁴ upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
Lewis, determine what we shall do straight¹⁵.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit-thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

¹⁴ Theobald thought that we should read *Alcides shoes*; but Malone has shown that the *shoes of Hercules* were very frequently introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. Thus in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606:—"As fit as *Hercules' shoe* for the foot of a pigmy;" and in *Gosson's School of Abuse*, 1579:—"To draw the lion's skin upon *Æsop's asse*, or *Hercules' shoes* on a childe's feete." See other citations in the *Variorum* edition.

¹⁵ This line is made part of Austria's speech in the folios, but has been given to *Lewis*, because *king* has been accidentally inserted at the beginning of it. The next speech has been also erroneously given to *Lewis* in the old copies; John, in his reply, evidently addresses the speaker as France, i.e. the King, who alone was competent to make the claim he does. He interrupts the reply of Lewis to Austria.

Arth.

Good my mother, peace !

I would that I were low laid in my grave ;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r¹⁶ she does or no !
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !
Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const.

I have but this to say,—

'That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue ;—plagu'd for her,
And with her plagued ; her sin, his injury ;
Her injury, the beadle to her sin¹⁷ :

¹⁶ *Whe'r* for *whether*.

¹⁷ The key to this obscure passage is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the second commandment of "visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children unto the *third* and *fourth* generation." Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother, but also by *her* in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is *plagued on her account*, and plagued with her, i. e. by her. *Her* sin brings upon him, *his* injury, or the evil *he* suffers ; and *her* injury, or the evil *she* inflicts, is as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of

All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her ; A plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

K. Phi. Peace, lady ; pause, or be more temperate :
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim¹⁸
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself :

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's sub-
jects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear us
first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,

the punishment annexed to it. The only variation from the old copy is in the pointing, and *d* added to the sentence "with her plagued."

¹⁸ *Cry aim*, i. e. to encourage. It is a term taken from Archery. See note on the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. Sc. 2, vol. i. p. 240.

Confront¹⁹ your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
For this down trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,

¹⁹ The old copies have *comfort*. Rowe made the correction. Both Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier retain *comfort*, and interpret it as spoken ironically.

To him that owes²⁰ it ; namely, this young prince :
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retina,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the rondure²¹ of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war ;
 Though all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects ;
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not : but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the
 king ?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed.—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

²⁰ We have here the verb to *owe* used in two senses. The first for to be *indebted* ; the second for to *own*, a sense in which it frequently occurs in Shakespeare.

²¹ *Rondure*, from *rondure*, Fr. circle. Thus in Shakespeare's twenty-first Sonnet :—

“ All things rare,
 That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems.”

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well born bloods as those,——

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet.
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and
e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence;—[*To Austria.*] Sirrah, were I
at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide²²,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set
forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To LEWIS.*] and at the
other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

²² So in the old play of King John:—

“But let the frolic Frenchman take no scorn
If Philip fronts him with an English horn.”

SCENE II. *The same. Alarums and Excursions ; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne · England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
bells ;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach
Commander of this hot malicious day !
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood¹ ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France ;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen², come

¹ Shakespeare has used this image again in *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 3 :—

“ Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood.”

It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth *Iliad* :—

“ The curets from great Hector's breast all gilded with
his gore.”

Again in the same translator's version of the nineteenth *Odyssey* :—
“ And show'd his point gilt with the gushing gore.”

² It was anciently one of the savage practices of the chase for

Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds³, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured⁴:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
 blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
 power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power; ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
 away?

Say, shall the current of our right run⁵ on?

all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy. Shakespeare alludes to the practice again in *Julius Cæsar*:—

“Here thy *hunters* stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and *crimson'd* in thy *lethe*.”

³ *Cit.* Heralds, &c. This speech and some others of the *Citizen* have the prefix *Hubert* in the old copies. We must either suppose that it was a mere indication that the player who personated Hubert was to make these speeches, or that Hubert was intended as a citizen of Angiers.

⁴ *Censured*, i. e. *impugned*. The remainder of the passage shows the meaning to be, that the sharpest eyes or judgments could not detect a superiority on either side—that they were other than equal. “Both are alike.”

⁵ The first folio reads *rome*: the change was made in the second folio. Mr. Collier reads *roam*, and Mr. Knight, who says, “Neither the poetry nor the sense appear to have gained by the fancied improvement.” I differ from him, for surely a *current* does not *roam*, but “*run right on*.” The whole context shows that this is the true reading.

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of
 blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
 Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate^a overlooks,—
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead ;
 Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
 O ! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;
 And now he feasts, mousing^b the flesh of men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
 Cry, havock, kings ! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents^c, fiery-kindled spirits !
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

^a *Climate* is used here strictly in accordance with its primary sense,—the slope of the celestial sphere, relatively to a particular region of the earth.

^b "*Mousing*," says Malone, "is mammocking and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse." "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses."—*The Wonderful Year*, by Decker, 1603. —Shakespeare often uses familiar terms in his most serious speeches. In this speech we have "his dead *chaps*," which is not more elevated.

^c *You equal potents*, i. e. *equal powers*, or *equi-potents*. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would read, "You equal potent fire y'kindled."

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Knowhim in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fear⁸; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles⁹ of Angiers flout
you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines¹⁰ of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:

⁸ The old copy has—"Kings of our fear." Warburton proposed to read, "*Kings are our fear.*" I adopt the reading of Mr. Tyrwhitt "*King'd of our fears,*" which was adopted by Malone, with a cogent argument in its defence. The meaning of the passage appears to be—A greater power than we, i. e. our fear, denies all this, and rules us like a king,—the only king we can acknowledge until it is deposed, i. e. until our fears are resolved by the certain superiority of one king or other. The speech is erroneously given to *K. Phi.* in the old copies.

⁹ *Scroyles*, i. e. *escrouelles*, Fr. *scabby fellows*.

¹⁰ *The mutines* are the *mutineers*, the *seditions*. Thus in Hamlet:—

"And lay

Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes."

This allusion is not in the old play. Shakespeare probably received the hint from Ben Gorion's History of the Latter Times of the Jew's Commonweale, &c. translated by Peter Morwyng, 1558.

By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
 Till their soul-fearing¹¹ clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again ;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion ;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
 heads,

I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wrong'd, as we are by this peevish town,—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

¹¹ *Soul-fearing*, i. e. *soul appalling* ; from the verb *to fear*, to *make afraid*.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth¹² :

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field;
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Blanch¹³,

Is niece¹⁴ to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of¹⁵, say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:

¹² The poet makes Faulconbridge forget that he had made a similar mistake. See the preceding page:—

“By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon.”

¹³ The Lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

¹⁴ The old copy has *neere*. The error is an easy one, and is corrected in Mr. Collier's folio. Blanch was daughter to Alphonso IX. king of Castile, and *niece* to King John by his sister Eleanor.

¹⁵ *Complete of*, i. e. “If the young Dauphin is not *fully* as complete of, or in such beauty, virtue, &c. say he is not *she*.”

He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she¹⁶;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates: for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen¹⁷ than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance; but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bast.

Here's a say¹⁸,

That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;

¹⁶ The old copies have—"Such as she."

¹⁷ *Spleen* is used by Shakespeare for *any violent hurry or tumultuous speed*. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the lightning.

¹⁸ The folio has a *stay*, which the context shows was a mere misprint for a *say*. What follows, "Here's a large mouth that spits forth, talks," &c. is I think quite conclusive. Mr. Knight thinks that *stay* is here put for *interruption*, but he does not tell us how interruption could "shake old death out of his rags." A vehement speaker Shakespeare has described elsewhere as tearing "a passion to tatters, to very rags." And in a future scene in similar language Constance says:—

"O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
 Then with a passion would I shake the world;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice."

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce :
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France :
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's 'father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition :
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city : What say you ?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read¹⁹, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea

¹⁹ So in *Pericles* :—

“ Her face the book of praises,” &c.

Again in *Macbeth* :—

“ Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters.”

(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed ; and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's
 face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye ;
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow ;
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
 Till now infixed I beheld myself,
 Drawn in the flattering table²⁰ of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !—
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !—
 And quarter'd in her heart ?—he doth espy
 Himself love's traitor : This is pity now,
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine :
 If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will ;
 Or, if you will (to speak more properly),
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

²⁰ The *table* is the plain surface on which anything is depicted or written. Thus Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

“To sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's *table*.”

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do What you in wisdom shall ²¹ vouchsafe to say

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen ²², Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd ²³.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at St. Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—

²¹ The old copies have *still*, apparently caught from the line above.

²² This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*, in Latin *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin* was in dispute between Philip and John. This and the subsequent line (except the words "do I give") are taken from the old play.

²³ *Assur'd*, i. e. *affianced*, *contracted*.

Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate²⁴ at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage²⁵.

K. John.

We will heal up all;

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

• We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*—*The Citizens retire from the Walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed²⁶ with a part:

And France (whose armour conscience buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

²⁴ *Passionate* here means *agitated, perturbed*, a prey to mournful sensations, not moved or disposed to anger. Thus in the old play, entitled *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, 1600:—

“Tell me, good madam,

Why is your grace so *passionate* of late.”

²⁵ *Vantage*, i. e. *advantage*.

²⁶ To *part* and *depart* were formerly synonymous. So in *Cooper's Dictionary*, v. “*communico*, to communicate or *departhe* a thing I have with another.”

As God's own soldier), rounded²⁷ in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;
 That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that ;
 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commo-
 dity²⁸ ;—

Commodity, the bias of the world ;
 The world, who of itself is peised well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
 And this same bias, this commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim²⁹,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity ?

²⁷ To round or rown in the ear is to whisper ; from the Saxon *runian*, susurrare. The word and its etymology are fully illustrated by Casaubon in his *Treatise de Ling. Saxonica*, and in a Letter by Sir H. Spelman, published in Wormius, *Literatura Runica*. Hafniæ, 1651, p. 4.

²⁸ *Commodity* here is interest, advantage. So Baret :—"What fruite or *commoditie* had he by this his friendship?" *Alveurie*, letter C. 867. The construction of this passage is—"Commodity, he that wins of all,—he that cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely the word maid, i. e. her chastity."

Henderson has adduced a passage from *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607, which happily illustrates the word *bias* in this passage :—

"O, the world is like a *byas* bowle, and it runs
 All on the rich men's sides."

Peised, is *poised*, *balanced*."

²⁹ The old copies have *aid*. Mason suggested the correction.


But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
 Not that I have the³⁰ power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels³¹ would salute my palm :
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary :
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee ! [*Exit*³².

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Constance.

 ONE to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
 False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to
 be friends !

Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?

It is not so ; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard ;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :
 It cannot be ; thou dost but say 'tis so :
 I trust, I may not trust thee ; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man ;

³⁰ The meaning is, " I rail at bribery, not because I have the power or virtue to keep my hand clenched when a bribe tempts me to open and receive it, but because, &c."

³¹ *Angels*, coin of that name.

³² In the old copies the second Act commences here and extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance, in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division was made by Theobald, and is certainly right.

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable¹ of fears.
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
 A widow², husbandless, subject to fears ;
 A woman, naturally born to fears ;
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce³,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering⁴ o'er his bounds ?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as, I believe, you think them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O ! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

¹ *Capable* is *susceptible*. So in *Hamlet*:—

“His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them *capable*.”

² This is an error. Constance was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Vicomte de Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Randolph, Earl of Chester.

³ Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Se. 1:—

“Could not *take truce* with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt.”

⁴ This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:—

“Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins
 Like a proud river overflow their bounds.”

Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—
 Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless⁵ stains,
 Lane, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content ;
 For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O !
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and King John ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone

⁵ *Sightless* is here used by the poet for the opposite to *sightly*, unpleasant to the sight. *Swart* is *dark, dusky*. See Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 40. *Prodigious* is *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. Thus in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1607 :—

“Over whose roof hangs this *prodigious* comet?”

Am bound to under-bear.

Sal.

Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout⁶.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. *[To BLANCH.]* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and
this blessed day,

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!——

[Rising.]

⁶ The old copies read, "makes his owner stoop." The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. We have in Daniel's Civil Wars, b. vi.—

"Full with stout grief and with disdainful woe."

Malone has in an elaborate argument attempted a defence of the old reading; but, I think, without success. Nor am I convinced by the explanations of Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier. The whole context shows that *stoop* could not be the word:—

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;

For grief is proud."

If so, how can it humble its owner? And then what *stooping* is there in the words?—

"Here I and sorrow sit;

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among the high tides, in the calendar?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week⁷;
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd⁸;
 But⁹ on this day, let seamen fear no wrack;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made:
 This day, all things begun come to ill end;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit¹⁰,
 Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
 Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:

⁷ In allusion to Job iii. 3:—"Let the day perish," &c.; and v. 6, "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months."

⁸ *Be cross'd*, i. e. *be disappointed by* "a monster. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* lines from the "Nor maribary" to explain the groud Despiselustria:—"a of a prodigy,"

⁹ *But for unless*; its is that Richard's pride, and in the ancient almanacks the days supint to fright you all. favourable to bargains are distinguishds are these? How do myticulars of the like importance. This circmy father's spoil! in Webster's Duchess of Malfy, 1623:—"my ears,

"By the almanack, I thin straight;
 To choose good days and shwz are critical."

So in Macbeth:—

"Let this pernicious hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar."

¹⁰ *A counterfeit*, i. e. *a false coin*; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. *A counterfeit* formerly signified also a *portrait*. The word seems to be here used equivocally.

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace¹¹,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me ! O, hear me !

Aust.

Lady Constance, peace !

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
 O Lymoges ! O Austria¹² ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
 coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?

Been sworn, see it bluer ? bidding me depend

Upon thy wicked day, and thy strength ?

¹¹ This is which there seems no
 excuse for disappies read, " makes his own *unulated* peace. Yet the
 corrector of *Manmer's*. We have in *Dange* it to *faint in peace*.

¹² Shakesp with stout grief and with dia, has conjoined the two
 well known of an elaborate argument de-lion. Leopold, duke of
 Austria, threw it, I think, without a former expedition (in 1193) ;
 but the castle of Vidomar, Visions of Mr. Kre which he fell (in 1199) belonged
 to Vidomar, Visions of Mr. Kre which he fell (in 1199) belonged
 shoulder with a an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand
 de Gourdon. Austria in the old play is called Lymoges, the
 Austrich duke. Holinshed says, "The same year Philip, bastard
 sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell
 and honour of Coniacke, killed the Viscount of Lymoges in re-
 venge of his father's death," &c.

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs¹³.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs¹⁴.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven:—
 To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
 This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,

¹³ Constance means to call him a *coward*; she tells him that the skin of the lion's prey would suit his recreant limbs better than that of a lion.

¹⁴ Pope inserted the following lines from the old play here which he thought necessary "to explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:—"—

"*Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall
 Should be a precedent to fright you all.

Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!
 My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
 How doth Aleeto whisper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—
 Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
 Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
 Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
 And split thy heart for wearing it so long."

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories¹⁵,
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope: all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;

¹⁵ What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? The old copy reads *earthy*. The emendation was Pope's. It has also *tash* instead of *task* in the next line, which was substituted by Theobald. Johnson observes that this must have been a very captivating scene at the time of our struggles with popery.

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy
hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them¹⁶.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

Lew. Bethink you, father ; for the difference

¹⁶ This may be a proverbial sarcasm ; but the allusion is now lost. We have something similar in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605 :—" *Mum.* We'll have a pair of slops for the nonce
Will hold all your mocks."

Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend :
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee
here,

In likeness of a new uptrimmed¹⁷ bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her
faith,

But from her need.

Const. O ! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need ;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up,
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to
this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd ?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person
yours,

¹⁷ *Untrimmed* is the reading of both the folios, but it is undoubtedly a slight typographical error for *uptrimmed*, which would easily occur. *Trimmed up*, and *decked up* were the current phrases applied to a bride dressed for her nuptials. We have both phrases in *Romeo and Juliet*. Capulet says to the Nurse:—

"Go, waken Juliet, go and trim her up."

He had previously said to Lady Capulet:—

"Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up."

For this emendation we are indebted to Mr. Dyce. Theobald had long since read "*and trimmed*," which Hammer adopted.

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings :—
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both¹⁸,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret¹⁹ ?
Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm :
Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity ? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so :
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

¹⁸ i. e. so strong both in hatred and love ; in deeds of amity or deeds of blood.

¹⁹ A regret is an exchange of salutation.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed²⁰ lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
 That is to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself:
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss when it is truly done²¹;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again: though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion;
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure

²⁰ The old copies have, "A cased lion." I unhesitatingly read, as Mr. Dyce suggests, *chafed*. Thus in *K. Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2*:—

"So looks the *chafed* lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him."

²¹ Johnson proposed to read, "*Is't not amiss*," but the text as it stands is consistent, though purposely involved. The criminal act which thou hast sworn to do, *is not amiss*, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done *truly*, in the sense I have now affixed to *truth*; that is, if you do *not* do it; for, *where doing tends to ill*, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done by not doing* the act.

To swear, swear only not to be forsworn²² ;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear ?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions :
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them : but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Bast.

Will't not be ?

Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lew. Father, to arms !

Blanch.

Upon thy wedding day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp ?

O husband, hear me !—ah, alack ! how new

Is husband in my mouth ? even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

²² The old copy reads :—

“ The truth thou art unsure

To swear. *swears* only not to be forsworn.”

The correction is by Pope, and has been thus explained, *By what thou swear'st*, &c. “ In swearing by religion against religion, thou hast sworn *by what thou swearest* ; i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swearest by* ; i. e. religion.” Even this is obscure, and Malone thought that something has been omitted. The casuistical argument was most probably intended to expose the subtle attempts of a similar kind in the controversies of the poet's age, and would no doubt be popular.

Against mine uncle.

Const. O! upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'er cast with blood: fair day,
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together,—
[*Exit* Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt
turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms
let's hie!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with
AUSTRIA'S Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
hot;

Some airy devil¹ hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there:
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip², make up:

¹ There is a minute description of numerous devils or spirits, and their different functions, in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* his Supplication, 1592, where we find the following passage:—"The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the elyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."

² Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of *Sir Richard*, calls him by his former name. Shakespeare has followed the old plays. The queen mother, whom King John had made regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army, with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief,

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her ;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :
But on, my liege : for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Alarums ; Excursions ; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and LORDS.

K. John. So shall it be ; your grace shall stay be
hind, [*To ELINOR.*]
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad :
[*To ARTHUR.*]

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin [*To the Bastard*], away for Eng-
land ; haste before :

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots : imprisoned angels¹
Set at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle² shall not drive me
back ;

which he immediately did. As he advanced to the town he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The queen in the meanwhile remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

¹ *Angels*, as before, *gold coin of that name*.

² It appears from Johnson's *Ecclesiastical Laws*, that sentence of excommunication was to be "explained in order in English, with bells tolling and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread ; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity than to the effect of such sentences." The ceremony is referred to by

When gold and silver becks me to come on.
 I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray
 (If ever I remember to be holy)
 For your fair safety : so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit* Bastard.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
 Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love :
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time³.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
 yet :

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say ;—but let it go :

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on into⁴ the drowsy race of night ;

Fox and Strype, and described circumstantially in Bale's Pageaunt
 of Popes. See Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. xii. p. 397, ed. 1780.

³ The old copies have the evident error of *tune* for *time*. Pope
 made the correction.

⁴ Thus the old copies. Theobald substituted *one* for *on*, and

If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
 Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
 (Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes) ;
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit⁶ alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of brooded⁷ watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
 But ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

unto was substituted for *into*. "The midnight bell" having been taken for the bell of a clock striking the hour. It has been proposed to read the line thus :—

"Sound *one unto* the drowsy eare of night."

And to this reading Mr. Dyce inclines, citing passages which indicate that one o'clock was sometimes loosely called midnight. But the tolling of a bell *at midnight*, sounding *on* into the drowsy course of night, may be what the poet intended. The bell was tolled at midnight to call religious recluses to their devotions.

⁶ *Conceit*, i. e. *conception*.

⁷ Pope proposes to read *broad-eyed*, instead of *brooded*. The alteration, it must be confessed, is elegant, but unnecessary. The allusion is to the vigilance of animals while brooding, or with a brood of young ones under their protection. The king says of Hamlet :—

"There's something in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on *brood*."

Milton also, in *L'Allegro*, desires Melancholy to—

"Find out some uncouth eell

Where *brooding* darkness spreads his *jealous* wings."

Brooded may be used for *brooding*, as *delighted* for *delighting*, and *discontented* for *discontenting*, in other places of these plays. To sit *on brood*, or *abrood*, is the old term applied to birds during the period of incubation. All the metaphorical uses of the verb *to brood* are common to the Latin *incubo*.

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin: go,
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho⁸! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH,
and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

⁸ King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. "This is one of those scenes," says Stevens, "to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties.

A whole armado of convented¹ sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause²,
Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look! who comes here? a grave unto a soul.
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath³:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Con-
stance!

Const. No, I defy⁴ all counsel, all redress,

¹ The old copy reads *convicted*, which Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight say, signifies here *vanquished*, *overcome*, or *overpowered*; a very unusual meaning, even would it serve the purpose. Mr. Dyce suggests *convected*, from the Latin *convectus*; but it is doubtful if such a word existed. I read *convented*, as suiting the context, for in the next line the *assembled* fleet "is scatter'd and disjoin'd." The word is used in this sense by Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*: "We are *convented* upon a pleasing treaty." It was an easy mistake at press, or in transcription.

² A *fierce cause* is a *cause conducted with precipitation*. *Fierce* wretchedness in *Timon of Athens* is *hasty, sudden* misery.

³ The *vile prison of afflicted breath* is the *body*; the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.

⁴ To *defy* formerly signified to *refuse*, to *reject*:—

"I do *defy* thy commiseration."—*Romeo and Juliet*.

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
 Death, death :—O amiable lovely death !
 Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy détestable bones ;
 And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows ;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop this gap of breath⁵ with fulsome dust
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,
 And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
 O, come to me !

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace !

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—
 O ! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
 Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern⁶ invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not^a holy to belie me so ;
 I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
 My name is Constance : I was Geffrey's wife ;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost !
 I am not mad :—I would to heaven, I were !
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :

⁵ *Gap of breath, i. e. this mouth.*

⁶ *A modern invocation, i. e. a common invocation.* The sense in which the poet uses the word in other places. Mr. Knight here reads *mother's*, which Mr. Dyce justly calls "one of the rashest alterations ever attempted by an editor." Mr. Collier's corrected folio would substitute *widow's*, which is at least equally rash. The reader will recollect the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

"Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which *modern* lamentation might have mov'd?"

^a The negative particle is wanting in the three first folios. It was supplied in the fourth.

O! if I could, what grief should I forget!—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal:
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses; O! what love I note
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends?
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will⁸.

K. Phi.

Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
 I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven;
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire⁹,

⁷ In the old copies *fiends* is misprinted for friends.

⁸ Probably Constance in despair means to apostrophize the absent King John:—"Take my son to *England if you will.*"

⁹ To *suspire* Shakespeare uses for to breathe. Thus in King Henry IV. Part II.—

There was not such a gracious¹⁰ creature born ;
 But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him : therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son¹¹.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child¹²,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.—
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*

“ Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move.”

In Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616, we have *suspiration*, a *breathing or sighing*.

¹⁰ *Gracious* is used by Shakespeare often in the sense of *beautiful, comely, graceful*. Florio, in his *Italian Dictionary*, shows that this was no uncommon signification ; he explains, *gratioso*, graceful, *gracious*, also *comely, fine, well-favoured, gentle*.

¹¹ To the same purpose Macduff observes:—

“ He has no children.”

The thought occurs again in *King Henry VI. Part III.*

¹² “ *Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.*”

Lucan, l. ix.

Maynard, an old French poet, has the same thought:—

“ Qui me console excite ma colere,

Et le repos est un bien que je crains :

Mon deuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire

Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.”

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure ! [Exit.]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy ;

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale¹³,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's ¹⁴
taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil :

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no : when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost.

In this which he accounts so clearly won :

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit ;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

¹³ "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told."—Psalm xc. Thus also in Macbeth :—

"Life's but a walking shadow,—

It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing."

¹⁴ The old copy reads *words*. The alteration was made by Pope. The emendation is countenanced by Hamlet's :—

"How weary, *stale, flat*, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !"

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly¹⁷ all on foot;
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call¹⁸
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow¹⁹, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange²⁰ actions: Let
us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

¹⁷ *Hurly* is tumult.

¹⁸ The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net by his note or call.

¹⁹ Bacon, in his History of Henry VII. speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their *snowball* did not gather as it went.

²⁰ So the first folio; the second folio reads *strong*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton¹. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hubert.

HEAT me these irons hot: and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair. Be heedful! hence! and watch.

1 Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.— *[Exeunt Attendants]*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince), as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

¹ There is no circumstance, either in the original play or in this of Shakespeare, to point out the particular castle in which Arthur is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned merely because, in the first act, King John seems to have been in that town. It has already been stated that Arthur was in fact confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he was put to death.

Only for wantonness². By my christendom³,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him.
 Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
 now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning despiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

² This is a satirical glance at the fashionable affectation of his time by Shakespeare: which Lyly also ridicules in his *Midas*:—"Now every base companion, being in his *muble-fubles*, says, he is *melancholy*." Again: "*Melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion says, he is *melancholy*."

³ *By my christendom*, i. e. *by my baptism*. The use of this word for christening or baptism is not peculiar to Shakespeare; it was common in his time. Hearne has published a *Prone* from a MS. of Henry the Seventh's time, in the glossary to Robert of Gloucester, in a note on the word *midwinter*, by which it appears that

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning ; do, an if you will.
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat⁴ red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his⁵ fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me,

it was the ancient orthography. "The childer ryzt schape & chrystyndome." It is also used by Lyly, Fanshaw, Harington, and Fairfax.

⁴ The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in Shakespeare's time. "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*."—*Daniel* iii. 19.

⁵ The old copy has *this*.

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me; my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue⁶,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes⁷: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre⁸ him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

⁶ "This is according to nature," says Johnson. "We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us."

⁷ "The fire being *created*, not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved."

⁸ *Tarre him on*, i. e. *stimulate*, *set him on*. The word occurs again in Hamlet:—"And the nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy." And in Troilus and Cressida:—

"Pride alone must tarre the mastiffs on."

It has been derived from Tyrian, A. S. *exacerbare*, *irritare*. It occurs in the Wicliffite version of the New Testament, Colossians, c. iii. ad fin. and Ephesians, c. vi. ab init. We should remember that *r* was called the dog's letter *arre* from the sound made in exciting a dog to fight, or from his snarl when so excited.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes⁹ :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O ! now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace ! no more. Adieu :
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ! no more. Go closely¹⁰ in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter KING JOHN, crowned ; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
and other Lords. The KING takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous¹ : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

⁹ *Owes, i. e. owns.*

¹⁰ *Closely, i. e. secretly, privately.* So in *Albumazar*, 1610, Act
iii. Sc. 1 :—

“ I'll entertain him here ; meanwhile steal you
Closely into the room.”

¹ *Was once superfluous, i. e. this one time more was one time more
than enough.* It should be remembered that King John was now
crowned for the fourth time.

To guard² a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
 This act is as an ancient tale new told³;
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured :
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
 Startles and frights consideration ;
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
 They do confound their skill in covetousness⁴ ;
 And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
 As patches, set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
 We breath'd our counsel ; but it pleas'd your highness

² To guard is to ornament. So in the Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Sc. 2 :—

“ Give him a livery
 More guarded than his fellows.”

³ Shakespeare has here repeated an idea which he had first put into the mouth of the Dauphin :—

“ Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.”

⁴ They do confound their skill in covetousness, i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager desire of excelling. As in King Henry V.—

“ But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.”

To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
 Since all and every part of what we would
 Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
 I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
 And more, more strong when⁵ lesser is my fear,
 I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask
 What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
 And well shall you perceive, how willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
 Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them
 Bend their best studies), heartily request
 The enfranchisement⁶ of Arthur; whose restraint
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument:—
 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
 Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up⁷
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise⁸?

⁵ The first folio reads, "*then* lesser is my feare." *Than* is frequently printed *then*. The second folio prints, "then less is my fear." If we read "*than* lesser is my fear," John would say, I have given you some reasons for this double coronation, and I shall furnish you with others which I am only afraid will prove not less strong, but far more so. But the simple change of *then* for *when* is quite satisfactory.

⁶ i. c. *Releasement*.

⁷ The construction of this passage is, "*If you have a good title to what you now have in rest (i. e. in possession), why then is it that your fears should move you?*" &c. The word *then* and *should* might change places with advantage to the lucidus ordo. Perhaps the question is elliptically expressed, "*why then is it that your fears should move you?*" &c.

⁸ In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble

That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
 That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
 Which for our goods we do no farther ask,
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed ;
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
 Does show the mood of a much troubled breast ;
 And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience⁹,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
 He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
 Before the child himself felt he was sick :

youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. Mental improvement might have been had in a prison as well as anywhere else.

⁹ The purpose of the king, to which Salisbury alludes, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might be still a conflict in the king's mind :—

“Between his purpose and his conscience

This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.

So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd¹⁰ the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!

This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England¹¹.—Never such a
power

For any foreign preparation,

Was levied in the body of a land!

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;

For, when you should be told they do prepare,

¹⁰ *Ow'd*, i. e. *own'd the breadth of all this isle*. The two last Variorum editions erroneously read, "*breath for breadth*," which is found in the old copy.

¹¹ The king asks *how all goes in France*; the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that whatever is in France *goes* now to England.

The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept¹²? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother; And, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd¹³
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience

¹² So in *Macbeth*:—

“Was the hope drunk

Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?”

¹³ *Amaz'd*, i. e. *astounded*, *stunned*, *confounded*, are the ancient
synonymes of *amazed*, *obstupesco*. So in *Cymbeline*:—

“I am *amazed* with matter.”

And in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

“You do *amaze* her, hear the truth of it.”

To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet¹⁴, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idledreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety¹⁵, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin!

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full
of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),
And others more, going to seek the grave

¹⁴ This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. *Holinshed*, in anno 1213. Speed says that Peter the hermit was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The poet here brings together events that were separated by an interval of some years.

¹⁵ *To safety*, i. e. to safe custody.

Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.—
Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead !

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes¹⁶.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet¹⁷),
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had¹⁸, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life:
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law; to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

¹⁶ This may be compared with a spirited passage in Edward III. Capel's Prolusions, p. 75:—

"Our men, with open mouths and staring eyes,
 Look on each other, as they did attend
 Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks;
 A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour,
 And speeches sleep through all the waking region."

¹⁷ This passage called forth the antiquarian knowledge of many learned commentators, until, from the return of the rational fashion of *right and left shoes*, it became intelligible without a note.

¹⁸ *No had.* This archaical expression here signifying, *Had not?* has been hitherto changed to "*Had none*" in modern editions. It has been illustrated by numerous corresponding phrases by the Rev. Mr. Arrowsmith in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 520. See *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 3, p. 25.

More upon humour than advis'd respect¹⁹.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,

Makes ill deeds done²⁰ ! Had'st not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted²¹, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind :

But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause²²,

¹⁹ *Respect*, i. e. *deliberate consideration*. So in *Hamlet*:—

“ There's the *respect*

That makes calamity of so long life.”

²⁰ The old copies read, “ Make deeds ill done,” which is equivocal, and might signify “ deeds unskilfully done.”

²¹ To *quote* is to *note* or *mark*. See *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 1 :—

“ I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

I had not *quoted* him.”

²² “ There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind ; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in express words would have *struck him dumb* : nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.”—*Johnson*.

When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin²³ ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers ;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O ! haste thee to the
peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.

²³ The folios read *sinne*, which gives a consistent sense, and in some respects, is preferable to *sign*, the otherwise plausible suggestion of a MS. note in Mr. Collier's copy of the second folio.

Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O! answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient²⁴ haste:
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast²⁵.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down¹:—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones——
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
 [*Dies.*]

²⁴ *Expedient*, i. e. *expeditious*.

²⁵ The old play of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* is divided into two parts; the first of which concludes with the king's despatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with *Enter Arthur*, &c. as in the following scene.

¹ Shakespeare has followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit*; and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury ;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private² with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward : for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er³ we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd⁴
lords !

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us ;
We will not line his sin-bestained⁵ cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason⁶ now.

² *Whose private*, i. e. *private conference*.

³ The use of *or* for *ere*, *before*, is at least as old as Chaucer's time. It is the Saxon *æþ*, *prius*, *antequam*, *priusquam*,—*ere*, or, sooner than ; *before*. *Ever* is the Saxon *æþpe*—*aliquando*, *unquam*,—*ever*, *e'er*, at any time. *Ere ever*, or *ever*, or *ere*, is, in modern English, *sooner than at any time ; before ever* : and this is the sense in which Shakespeare and our elder writers constantly use the phrase.

⁴ *Distemper'd*, i. e. *ruffled, out of humour*. So in Hamlet :—
"In his retirement marvellous *distemper'd*."

⁵ The folios have by error *thin-bestained*. The emendation is by the corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio.

⁶ To *reason*, in Shakespeare, is not so often to *argue* as to *talk* ;

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true : to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,
Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse⁷.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this :
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time⁸,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,

so in *Coriolanus* :—

“ *Reason with the fellow
Before you punish him.*”

⁷ *Remorse*, i. e. *pity*.

⁸ The old copy reads *sinne of times*. The emendation is Pope's.

If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head⁹,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ? [*Drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again¹⁰.

⁹ The old copy reads, "Till I have set a glory to this *hand*." This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. Pope suggested that we should read "a glory to this *head*," pointing to the head of the dead prince, and using *worship* in its common acceptation. The solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. Gray, the poet, says Dr. Farmer, was much pleased with this correction. The words "by giving it the *worship* of revenge," and the solemn confirmation of the other lords, seem decidedly to indicate this sense. The occurrence of the word *hand* several times in the preceding lines may have led to the error.

¹⁰ So in *Othello*:—"Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them." Both Faulconbridge and *Othello* speak contemptuously. "You have shown that your sword is bright, and now you may put it up again; you shall not use it."

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true¹¹ defence ;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life ; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;
Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?
Second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse¹² and innocence.

¹¹ True defence, i. e. honest defence, defence in a good cause.

¹² Remorse, again for pity.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair
work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer¹³ :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,——

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on ; or would'st thou drown
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.——
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

¹³ So in the old play :—

“ Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed ;
This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss,
Ensureth Satan chieftain of thy soul.”

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd¹⁴, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up !
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed¹⁵ interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast),
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture¹⁶ can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

¹⁴ *Amazed.* See before, p. 323.

¹⁵ *The unowed interest*, i. e. *the interest which is not at this moment legally possessed by any one.* On the death of Arthur, the right to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.


¹⁶ *Cincture*, i. e. *girdle.* The old copy has *center*.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *with the Crown,*
and Attendants.

King John.

HUS have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand.

Take again

[*Giving JOHN the Crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet the
French ;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties¹ do revolt ;

Our people quarrel with obedience ;

Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour

Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :
But, since you are a gentle convertite²,

¹ *Counties* here most probably mean, not the divisions of the kingdom, but the *lords* and *nobility* in general. As in *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*.

² *Convertite* is used in its ecclesiastical sense, for a person who, having relapsed, has been recovered. But it was also used for a *convert*, one who had changed his notions.

My tongue shall lush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your blustering land
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
 I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
 out,
 But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the
 streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life³
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
 But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

³ Dryden has transferred this image to a speech of Antony in *All for Love*:—

“An empty circle, since the jewel's gone.”

So in *King Richard II.*—

“A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.”

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
 Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution⁴.
 Away ! and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field⁵ :
 Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
 What ! shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
 O, let it not be said !—Forage⁶, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors ;
 And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him ;
 And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
 Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league !
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play offers⁷, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
 To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,

⁴ So in *Macbeth* :—

“ Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet i' the hall together.”

⁵ Thus in *Hamlet* :—

“ Such a sight as this
 Becomes the field.”

⁶ *Forage* here seems to mean to *range abroad* ; which Dr. Johnson says is its original sense : but *fouirage*, the French source of it, is formed from the low Latin *foderagium*, food : the sense of ranging therefore appears to be secondary.

⁷ The old copy has *orders* instead of *offers*.

Mocking the air with colours idly spread⁸,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace,
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe⁹. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance.
 Return the precedent¹ to these lords again;
 That having our fair order written down,
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal, and an unurged faith,
 To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,

⁸ We have the same image in *Macbeth*:—

“Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
 And fan our people cold.”

From these two passages Gray formed the first lines of his “*Bard.*”

⁹ *Our party may well meet a prouder foe*, i. e. *I know that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder, and more confident of its strength than theirs.*

¹ *The precedent*, i. e. *the rough draught of the original treaty.* In *King Richard II.* the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings, says, “It took him eleven hours to write it, and that the *precedent* was full as long a doing.”

And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker; O! and there,
 Where honourable rescue and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physick of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
 And is't not pity, O, my grieved friends!
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot² of this enforced cause),
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth³ thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple⁴ thee unto a Pagan shore;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to-spend it⁵ so unneighbourly!

² *The spot, i. e. the stain.*

³ *To clip* is to *embrace*; not yet obsolete in the northern counties.

⁴ *Grapple*. The old copies read *cripple*. The emendation was made by Pope. The poet alludes to the wars carried on by the Christian princes in the Holy Land against the Saracens, where the united armies of France and England might have laid their animosities aside and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen.

⁵ Shakespeare here employs a phraseology used before in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: Act iv. Sc. 4, note 7:—

“And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight.”
 The hyphen is wanting in the old copy, but is absolutely necessary to the construction and sense of the passage.

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.
 O, what a noble combat hast thou^a fought,
 Between compulsion and a brave respect⁶!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul⁷,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake⁸:
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

^a *Thou* is wanting in the old copies.

⁶ This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who in his preceding speech calls it an *enforced cause*) could only be procured by foreign arms; and the *brave respect* was the love of country.

⁷ "This windy tempest till it blow up rain

Held back his sorrow's tide."—*Rape of Lucrece.*

⁸ In what I have now said an angel spake: for see, the holy legate approaches to give a warrant from heaven, and the name of right to our cause.

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels¹⁵.—
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
 They shall not live within this world; I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too¹⁶, adieu :
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son ;—I pray God make thee
 new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* EXTON, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
 he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
 Was it not so?
Serv. Those were his very words.
Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he ; he spake it
 twice,
 And urg'd it twice together ; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly¹ look'd on me ;
 As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart ;
 Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;
 I am the king's friend, and will rid² his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

¹⁵ "Death and destruction dog thee at the heels."

King Richard III.

¹⁶ *Too*, which is not in the old copies, was added by Theobald for the sake of the metre.

¹ The quartos of 1597 and 1598 have *wishtly*, a non-existent word. The other old copies have *wistly*, a word of frequent occurrence for *wistfully*, i. e. *with earnest and eager attention*. Shakespeare has it again in *Venus and Adonis*:—

"O! what a sight it was *wistly* to view, &c."

² To *rid* and to *despatch* were formerly synonymous, as may be seen in the old Dictionaries, "To *ridde* or *dispatche* himself of any

SCENE V. Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.**Enter KING RICHARD.*

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare¹
 This prison, where I live, unto the world :
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
 My soul, the father : and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world²
 In humours, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word³ :
 As thus,—*Come, little ones ;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye^a.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves

man.”—“*To dispatche or ridde one quickly.*” Vide Baret's *Alvearie*, 1576, in *Ridde* and *Dispatche*. So in *King Henry VI. Part II.*—

“As deathsmen you have *rid* this sweet young prince.”

¹ The first quarto has “how *I may* compare,” all the other old copies “how *to* compare.”

² i. e. *his own body*. So in *King Lear* :—

“Strives in this *little world* of man outscorn
 The to and fro conflicting wind and rain.”

³ By the *word* is meant the *Holy Scriptures*. The folio reads the *faith* itself against the *faith*.

^a Thus the folios. The quartos have “a small needle's eye.”

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people⁴,
And none contented: sometimes am I king:
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [*Musick.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet musick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the musick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check⁵ time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch⁶,

⁴ This is the reading of the quarto, 1597; alluding, perhaps, to the custom of our early theatres. The title pages of some of our Moralities show that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. The folio, and other copies, read "in one prison."

⁵ Thus the quartos. The folio reads "to hear."

⁶ It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour.

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,⁷
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock⁸.
 This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits⁹,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch¹⁰ in this all-hating world.

To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* or ticking of the pendulum, which at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial-plate, or *outward watch*, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears (or minute drops, to use an expression of Milton), his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the *dial's point*: his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. In King Henry IV. Part II. *tears* are used in a similar manner:—

“But Harry lives that shall convert those *tears*
 By number into *hours* of happiness.”

⁷ The old copy has “*sound that tells*,” but the context shows that *sounds* ought to be in the plural.

⁸ *His Jack o' the clock*, that is, *I strike for him*. One of these automaton is alluded to in King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 3:—

“Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke
 Between thy begging and my meditation.”

Again, in an old comedy, entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:—

“So would I,

And we their *Jacks o' the clockhouse*.”

⁹ See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part ii. sect. 2.

¹⁰ *Brooch* is here figuratively used for *ornament*. It is frequently mentioned as an ornament worn in the hat. Thus in the *Poetaster*:—

“Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times.”
 Love to Richard would be a strange ornament to display in such an adverse world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer¹¹ ;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes, but that sad dog

That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave

To look upon my sometimes¹² royal master's face.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,

In London streets, that coronation day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !

That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid ;

That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd !

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle
friend,

How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground¹³.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down

(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?

Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,

Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,

¹¹ There is a play upon the words *royal* and *noble* as coins differing in value ; the noble was probably worth ten groats.

¹² *Sometimes* was used for *former*, as well as *sometime*. Aliquando.

¹³ Froissart relates a tale of a favourite greyhound of King Richard's, "who was wont to leape upon the king, but left the king and came to the erle of Derby, duke of Lancastre, and made to him the same frendly countenance and chere as he was wont to do to the king."—*Froissart, by Berners*, v. 11. fo. cccxxx.

Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing¹⁴ Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say. [Exit.

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and
thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude
assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon and killing one.

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another, and then EXTON strikes
him down¹⁵.

That hand shall burn in never quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

¹⁴ *Jauncing* is *hard riding*, from the old French word *jancer*, which Cotgrave explains "To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withall; or (as our) to jaunt."

¹⁵ These stage directions are not in the old copies.

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[Dies¹⁶.

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood :
Both have I spilt ! O, 'would the deed were good !
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear ;—
'Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with
Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire ;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : What is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

¹⁶ The representation here given of the king's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed (who copied from Fabian, with whom the story of Exton is thought to have its origin). But it is said that he refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterburne, the Monk of Evesham, the Continuator of the History of Croyland, and the Godstow Chronicle. His body, after being submitted to public inspection in the church of Pomfret, was brought to London, and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, "his heade on a black cushion, and his visage open," when it was viewed, says Froissart, by twenty thousand persons, and finally in St. Paul's Cathedral. Stowe seems to have had before him a manuscript history of the latter part of King Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales. He says "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continual hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England."

The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent¹:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee; gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster²,

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carlisle living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom³:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

¹ So the folio. The quarto reads of *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent*. The folio is right according to the histories.

² This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation, which is taken from Holinshed, is untrue, as he survived the king many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him.

³ The Bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the king's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium*; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain was a rectory in Gloucestershire.

More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life;
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a Coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
 Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
 Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast
 wrought

A deed of slander⁴, with thy fatal hand,
 Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this
 deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
 Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
 But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
 With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
 And never show thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
 That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:
 Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
 And put on sullen black incontinent⁵:

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
 March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
 In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ *Slander* is the correct reading of the first quarto, all the other copies read erroneously *slaughter*.

⁵ i. e. *Immediately*.

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome :
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to⁹ this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;

⁹ This was the phraseology of the time. Thus in K. Henry IV. Part II.—

“ He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession.”

Again in Dugdale's Warwickshire, vol. ii. p. 927 :—“ He had a release from Rose, the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden, before specified, of all her *interest* to the manor of Pedimore.”

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne.
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns¹⁰?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war¹¹,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook¹² conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

¹⁰ *As I have bank'd their towns*, i. e. *passed along the banks of the river.* Thus in the old play:—

“From the hollow holes of Thamesis

Echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*

From thence along the wanton rolling glade

To Troynovant, your fair metropolis.”

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less propriety, though not reconciled to us by modern usage.

¹¹ *Before I drew this gallant head of war*, i. e. *assembled it, drew it out of the field.* So in *K. Henry IV. Part I.*—

“And that his friends by deputation could not
 So soon be drawn.”

¹² *To outlook*, i. e. *face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity.* So before:— “*Outface the brow
 Of bragging horror.*”

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak ;——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him ;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties ;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well :—Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should :
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd¹³ sauciness, and boyish troops ;
The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch¹⁴ ;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow¹⁵,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;—

¹³ *Unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded*. The old copies read *unheard* : the emendation is Theobald's. It should be remarked that *hair* was often spelt *hear*.

¹⁴ *Take the hatch*, to *take*, for to *leap*. Hunters still say to *take* a hedge or gate, meaning to *leap* over them. Baret has, "*to take* horse, to leap on horseback."

¹⁵ *Crow* is here a metonymy for *cock* ; *Gallus* being both a *cock* and a *Frenchman*. In the next line the old copies have *this* instead of *his*.

Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No ! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
 And like an eagle o'er his airy¹⁶ towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needles¹⁷ to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave¹⁸, and turn thy face in
 peace :

We grant, thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well ;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither :—
 Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
 And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,

¹⁶ *Aiery*, i. e. *nest*.

¹⁷ *Needles* here and elsewhere seems to have been intended to be pronounced as a word of one syllable ; it was formerly sometimes written and printed *needls*, as it is indeed here in the folio.

¹⁸ *Brave*, i. e. *boast*.

Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need),
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT

K. John. How goes the day with us ? O ! tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me : O ! my heart is sick !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field ;

And send him word by me, which way you go,

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey
there.

Mess. Be of good comfort ; for the great supply¹,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard² but even now :
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me ! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead : to my litter straight ;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Supply* is here used as a noun of *multitude*, as it is again in Scene v. of this act, p. 350.

² The king had not long since called him by his original name of *Philip*, but the messenger could not take the same liberty.

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the same*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again ; put spirit in the French ;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the
field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion¹,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet :
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He² means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ? may this be true ?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life ;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

¹ Theobald proposed to read—

“Untread the roadway of rebellion.”

and is followed by the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, but there is not the slightest reason for change.

² He, i. e. the Frenchman, i. e. Lewis means, &c.

Resolveth³ from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
 Why should I then be false; since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east:
 But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness⁴ and irregular course,

³ *Resolveth*, i. e. *dissolveth*. So in Hamlet:—

“Thaw and *resolve* itself into a dew.”

Again in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1575, T. 120, “to thaw or *resolve* that which is frozen.”

⁴ *Rankness*, as applied to a river, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow*; as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party it signifies *wanton wildness*. *Petulantia*.

“Rain added to a *river* that is *rank*
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.”

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends ! New flight:
 And happy newness, that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.]

SCENE V. *The same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set ;
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When th' English measur'd backward their own
 ground,¹
 In faint retire : O ! bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night ;
 And wound our tottering² colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin ?

Lew. Here :—What news ?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain ; the English lords,
 By his persuasion, are again fallen off :

¹ The old copies have

“ When English measure backward.”

Pope made the correction.

² *Tottering colours* is the reading of the old copy, which was unnecessarily altered to *tatter'd* by Johnson, who is followed by the subsequent editors. It is obvious that *tatter'd* cannot be the right word, for how could their *tatter'd* colours be *clearly wound up* ? The Dauphin means to put the best face on a drawn battle, and says : “ Our colours which were *tott'ring*, and like to have gone down in the action were fairly furled up at its close without disaster. Though not lords of the field, we were the last to quit it.” “ To *tottre*,” says Baret, “ nutare, vacillare, see shake and wagge.” Mr. Collier, following Malone, reads *tattering* and explains it *tattered*.

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Night. An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect¹ thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe,
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

¹ *Thou hast a perfect thought, i. e. a well informed one.* So in Cymbeline:—

“I am perfect
That the Pannonians,” &c.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night²,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk³:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure⁴ known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

² The old copy reads, "*endless night*." The emendation was made by Theobald. The epithet is found in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:—

"O *eyeless night*, the portraiture of death."

In Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*, we have:—

"Poor grooms are *sightless night*; kings glorious day."

³ Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it in his *Chronicle* as a *report*. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever.

⁴ *At leisure*, i. e. *less speedily, after some delay*.

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY¹, SALISBURY, and
BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house),
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds
belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.]

Pem. He is more patient.
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness; fierce extremes,

¹ Prince Henry was only nine years old when his father died.

In their continuance², will not feel themselves.
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them insensible³; and his siege is now
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
 With many legions of strange fantasies;
 Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should
 sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
 And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
 To set a form upon that indigest
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude⁴.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in
 KING JOHN in a Chair*⁵.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
 It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom,

² *Continuance* here means *continuity*. Bacon uses it in that sense also. So Baret, "If the disease be of any *continuance*, if it be an old and settled disease." I should not have thought this passage needed elucidation, had not Malone proposed to read "in *thy* continuance."

³ The old copies read *invisible*. Sir T. Hanmer proposed the reading admitted into the text. Guided by the context, "will not *feel* themselves," I cannot but think the emendation a necessary and happy one. Malone has endeavoured to elaborate a meaning out of the old reading understood adverbially. Mr. Collier has recently advocated the still more unsuitable reading of his corrector, *unvisited*. Mr. Knight makes *invisible* signify *unlooked at, disregarded*!

⁴ A description of Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid:—

Quem dixere Chaos rudis indigestæque moles.—*Met.* i.

Which Chaos hight a huge *rude* heap:—

No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the *shapeless* world did
 view. *Golding's Translation.*

⁵ The old stage direction is merely, *John is brought in*.

That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
 Upon a parchment ; and against this fire
 Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare ;—dead, forsook, cast
 off ;

And none of you will bid the winter come,
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw⁶ ;
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
 And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
 I beg cold comfort : and you are so strait⁷,
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
 That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
 Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
 On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
 And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :

⁶ This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *A Wife for a Month*, Act iv. Decker, in the *Gull's Hornbook*, has the same thought :—"The morning waxing cold thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosome," and in *Lust's Dominion* :—

"O I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep
 Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,
 And made a frost within me."

The corresponding passage in the old play runs thus :—

"Philip, some drink. O for the frozen Alps
 To tumble on, and cool this inward heat
 That rageth as a furnace seven-fold."

⁷ *You are so strait*, i. e. narrow, avaricious.

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt ;
 And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered :
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
 And module⁸ of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward :
 Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the washes, all unwarily,
 Devoured by the unexpected flood⁹. [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
 ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
 To do the office for thee of revenge ;
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
 Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
 Where be your powers ? Show now your mended
 faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,
 To push destruction and perpetual shame
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land :

⁸ *Module* and *model* were only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype, after which some thing was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype, a *copy* or *representation*. In *The London Prodigal* a woman kissing the picture of her dead husband exclaims:—"How like him is this *model*."

⁹ This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd¹⁰;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To wait on, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

¹⁰ *It* crastino S. Lucæ Johannes Rex Angliæ in castro de Newarke obiit, et sepultus est in ecclesia Wigorniensis inter corpora S. Oswaldi et sancti [Wolstani] Chronic. sive Annal. Prioratus de Dunstable, edit. a T. Hearne, t. i. p. 173. A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you¹¹ thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs¹².—
This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true¹³. [*Exeunt.*]

¹¹ You is wanting in the old copies.

¹² Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs, i. e. as previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the time in superfluous sorrow.

¹³ This sentiment may have been borrowed from one of the following passages in the old play:—

“Let England live but true within herself,
And all the world can never wrong her state.”

Again at the conclusion:—

“If England’s peers and people join in one
Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong.”

Shakespeare has used it again in *K. Henry VI. Part III.*—

“Of itself

England is safe, if true within itself.”

Such was also the opinion of the celebrated Duke de Rohan:—
“L’Angleterre est un grand animal qui ne peut jamais mourir,
s’il ne se tue lui-même.” The sentiment has been traced still higher:—

“O Britaine bloud, marke this at my desire—

If that you sticke together as you ought

This lyttle yle may set the world at nought.”

A Discourse of Rebellion, by T. Churchyard, 1570, 120.

Andrew Borde, in his Booke of the Introduction of Knowledge, printed in the reign of Henry VIII. says of the English, “if they were true wythin themselves they nede not to feare although al nacions were set against them.”



KING RICHARD THE SECOND.



KING RICHARD II.



K. Richard. Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although your
knee be low.

ACT II. SC. 3.

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels¹⁵.—
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too¹⁶, adieu :
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son ;—I pray God make thee
 new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* EXTON, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
 he spake ?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?
 Was it not so ?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend ?* quoth he ; he spake it
 twice,

And urg'd it twice together ; did he not ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly¹ look'd on me ;
 As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart ;
 Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;
 I am the king's friend, and will rid² his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁵ "Death and destruction dog thee at the heels."

King Richard III.

¹⁶ *Too*, which is not in the old copies, was added by Theobald for the sake of the metre.

¹ The quartos of 1597 and 1598 have *wishtly*, a non-existent word. The other old copies have *wistly*, a word of frequent occurrence for *wistfully*, i. e. *with earnest and eager attention*. Shakespeare has it again in *Venus and Adonis*:—

"O! what a sight it was *wistly* to view, &c."

² To *rid* and to *despatch* were formerly synonymous, as may be seen in the old Dictionaries, "To *ridde* or *dispatche* himself of any

SCENE V. Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare¹
This prison, where I live, unto the world :
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
My soul, the father : and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world²
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word³ :
As thus,—*Come, little ones ;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
*To thread the postern of a needle's eye*⁴.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves

man.”—“*To dispatche or ridde one quickly.*” Vide Baret's *Alvearie*, 1576, in *Ridde* and *Dispatche*. So in *King Henry VI. Part II.*—

“As deathsmen you have *rid* this sweet young prince.”

¹ The first quarto has “how *I may compare*,” all the other old copies “how *to compare*.”

² i. e. *his own body*. So in *King Lear* :—

“Strives in this *little world* of man outseorn
The to and fro conflicting wind and rain.”

³ By the *word* is meant the *Holy Scriptures*. The folio reads the *faith* itself against the *faith*.

⁴ Thus the folios. The quartos have “a small needle's eye.”

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
 That many have, and others must sit there:
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people⁴,
 And none contented: sometimes am I king:
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am: Then crushing penury
 Persuades me, I was better when a king;
 Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing.—But, what'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [*Musick.*
 Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet musick is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
 So is it in the musick of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear
 To check⁵ time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch⁶,

⁴ This is the reading of the quarto, 1597; alluding, perhaps, to the custom of our early theatres. The title pages of some of our Moralities show that three or four characters were frequently represented by *one person*. The folio, and other copies, read "in one prison."

⁵ Thus the quartos. The folio reads "to hear."

⁶ It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour.

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is⁷,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock⁸.
 This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits⁹,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch¹⁰ in this all-hating world.

To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* or ticking of the pendulum, which at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial-plate, or *outward watch*, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears (or minute drops, to use an expression of Milton), his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the *dial's point*: his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. In King Henry IV. Part II. tears are used in a similar manner:—

“But Harry lives that shall convert those *tears*
 By number into *hours* of happiness.”

⁷ The old copy has “*sound* that *tells*,” but the context shows that *sounds* ought to be in the plural.

⁸ *His Jack o' the clock*, that is, *I strike for him*. One of these automaton is alluded to in King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 3:—

“Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke
 Between thy begging and my meditation.”

Again, in an old comedy, entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:—

“So would I,
 And we their *Jacks o' the clockhouse*.”

⁹ See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part ii. sect. 2.

¹⁰ *Brooch* is here figuratively used for *ornament*. It is frequently mentioned as an ornament worn in the hat. Thus in the *Poetaster*:—

“Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times.”
 Love to Richard would be a strange ornament to display in such an adverse world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer¹¹ ;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes, but that sad dog

That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes¹² royal master's face.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,

In London streets, that coronation day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !

That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid ;

That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd !

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle
friend,

How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground¹³.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down

(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?

Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,

Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,

¹¹ There is a play upon the words *royal* and *noble* as coins differing in value ; the noble was probably worth ten groats.

¹² *Sometimes* was used for *former*, as well as *sometime*. Aliquando.

¹³ Froissart relates a tale of a favourite greyhound of King Richard's, "who was wont to leape upon the king, but left the king and came to the erle of Derby, duke of Lancastre, and made to him the same frendly countenance and chere as he was wont to do to the king."—*Froissart, by Berners*, v. 11. fo. cccxxx.

Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing¹⁴ Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and
thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude
assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, and then EXTON strikes
him down*¹⁵.

That hand shall burn in never quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

¹⁴ *Jauncing* is *hard riding*, from the old French word *jancer*, which Cotgrave explains "To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withall; or (as our) to jaunt."

¹⁵ These stage directions are not in the old copies.

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[Dies¹⁶.

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood :
Both have I spilt ! O, 'would the deed were good !
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear ;—
'Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. *Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with
Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire ;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : What is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

¹⁶ The representation here given of the king's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed (who copied from Fabian, with whom the story of Exton is thought to have its origin). But it is said that he refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterburne, the Monk of Evesham, the Continuator of the History of Croyland, and the Godstow Chronicle. His body, after being submitted to public inspection in the church of Pomfret, was brought to London, and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, "his heade on a black cushion, and his visage open," when it was viewed, says Froissart, by twenty thousand persons, and finally in St. Paul's Cathedral. Stowe seems to have had before him a manuscript history of the latter part of King Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales. He says "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continual hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England."

The next news is,—I have to London sent
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent¹:
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee; gentle Percy, for thy pains;
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
 The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely;
 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster²,
 With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
 But here is Carlisle living to abide
 Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom³:—
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

¹ So the folio. The quarto reads of *Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent*. The folio is right according to the histories.

² This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation, which is taken from Holinshed, is untrue, as he survived the king many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least nothing was proved against him.

³ The Bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the king's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium*; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain was a rectory in Gloucestershire.

More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life ;
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a Coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
 Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
 Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast
 wrought

A deed of slander⁴, with thy fatal hand,
 Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this
 deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
 Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
 I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
 But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
 With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
 And never show thy head by day nor light.—
 Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
 That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :
 Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
 And put on sullen black incontinent⁵ :
 I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :—
 March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
 In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ *Slander* is the correct reading of the first quarto, all the other copies read erroneously *slaughter*.

⁵ i. e. *Immediately*.

Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled⁷ down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege
 I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain :
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds
 And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable⁸
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty :—
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my
 gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise⁹

Nor. I take it up ; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial ;
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light.
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

⁷ *Doubled* is the reading of the quartos, the folio has *doubly*.

⁸ *Inhabitable*, i. e. *uninhabitable*. Thus used by Ben Jonson and others. Thus in Holland's Plutarch :—"Haply by the divine providence so ordering all, that some parts of the world should be *habitable*, others *inhabitable*, according to excessive cold, extreme heat, and a mean temperature of both."

⁹ Thus the first quarto. The quarto 1598 omits *worse*: the other quartos, to assist the metre, read "or what thou canst devise." The folio has "What I have spoken, or thou canst devise."

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great, that can inherit¹⁰ us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak^a my life shall prove it true:—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd¹¹ employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch^b from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Farther I say,—and farther will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death¹²;
Suggest¹³ his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

¹⁰ To *inherit*, in the language of Shakespeare, is to *possess*:—
“Such delight

Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house.”—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Sc. 2.

^a Thus the quarto 1597. The other quartos and folios have *said*.

¹¹ *Lewd* formerly signified *knavish, ungracious, naughty*, besides its now general acceptation. Vide note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 172.

^b Thus the first quarto, all the other editions have *fetcht*.

¹² Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III. who was murdered at Calais in 1397. See Froissart, chap. ccxxvi.

¹³ *Suggest*, i. e. *prompt them, set them on by injurious hints*.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir
(As he is but my father's brother's son),
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a clear account¹⁴,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen¹⁵:
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's
death¹⁶,——

¹⁴ The old copies have "a *deere* account," an evident press error for *cleere*. The word *duly*, three lines above, is only in the first quarto, but evidently necessary to complete the verse.

¹⁵ The Duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward Earl of Rutland (the Annerle of this play) to go to France in the year 1395, to demand in marriage Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI. then between seven and eight years of age. Richard was married to his young consort in November 1396, at Calais; his first wife, Anne, daughter of Charles IV. emperor of Germany, died at Shene on Whit Sunday, 1394. His marriage with Isabella was merely political, it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England for thirty years.

¹⁶ Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III. being committed on a charge of treason to the custody

I slew him not ; but to mine own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
 For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
 But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
 I did confess it : and exactly begg'd
 Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
 This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd¹⁷,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen^a, be rul'd by me :
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 This we prescribe, though no physician¹⁸ ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :
 Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

of the Duke of Norfolk, was smothered or strangled in the castle at Calais, of which Norfolk was governor, as it is said, pursuant to the king's orders.

¹⁷ *Appeal'd*, i. e. *charged*.

^a The quartos have *gentleman*.

¹⁸ Pope thought that some of the rhyming verses in this play were not from the hand of Shakespeare.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when¹⁹?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is
no boot²⁰.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name
Despite of death, that lives upon my grave²¹,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled²² here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards²³ tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his²⁴ spots: take but my
shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest

¹⁹ This abrupt elliptical exclamation of impatience is again used in the *Taming of a Shrew*:—"Why *when*, I say! Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry." It appears to be equivalent to "when will such a thing be done?"

²⁰ *There is no boot, or it booteth not*, is as much as to say, *there is no help, resistance would be vain, or profitless*.

²¹ i. e. *my name that lives on my grave in despite of death*.

²² *Baffled* in this place signifies *abused, reviled, reproached in base terms*; which was the ancient signification of the word, as well as to *deceive or circumvent*. Vide Cotgrave in *v. Baffour*. See also a note on King Henry IV. Part i. Act i. Sc. 2.

²³ There is an allusion here to the crest of Norfolk, which was a *golden leopard*.

²⁴ Thus the old copies. Pope altered it to *their spots*; but of the change from the plural to the singular and the converse, we have frequent examples in the phraseology of the poet's time. Mr. Knight observes that Mowbray uses the words of Scripture, Jerem. xiii. 23.

Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul²⁵ sin

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

Before this outdar'd dastard! Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear;

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate;

Since we cannot atone²⁶ you, we shall see

Justice design²⁷ the victor's chivalry.—

²⁵ The quartos have "such *deep* sin." The first folio has *O Heaven*, instead of *O God*. Two lines lower *beggar-fear*, which is the reading of the first quarto and first folio, is *beggar-fuce* in the other quartos.

²⁶ *Atone you*, i. e. *make you friends*, "to make agreement or atonement, to reconcile them to each other. *Ad concordiam adducere. Lat. Mettre d'accord. Fr.*" Baret.

²⁷ *To design* is to *mark out*, to *show by a token*. It is the sense of the Latin *designo*. I may here take occasion to remark that Shakespeare is remarkable for his choice of expressive terms derived from the Latin, and used in their original sense. The propriety of this expression here will be obvious, when we recollect that *designator* was "a marshal, a master of the play or prize, who

Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of GLOSTER*¹.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's² blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when they see³ the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster;
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,—
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,

appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory." In the preceding line all the old copies, except the first quarto, have "you shall see."

¹ The Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III.

² i. e. *my relationship of consanguinity to Gloster.* The quartos have "*Woodstock's blood.*" He was born at Woodstock; Richard created him Duke of Gloucester in the 9th year of his reign.

³ *Who when they see, &c.* Thus the old copies. It is not necessary to consider *Heaven* as a collective noun. A plural nominative was probably in the poet's mind, suggested by "these hands."

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
 That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent⁴
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model⁵ of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 'Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute⁶,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself⁶?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, old Gaunt.
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,

⁴ i. e. *assent*; *consent* is often used by the poet for *accord*, *agreement*.

⁵ *The model* is here used for the *image*.

⁶ The folio, in consequence of the statute, substitutes *heaven* for *God* in this line and in Gaunt's next speech.

⁶ To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter; but it is here used as a verb active. It is a literal translation of the old French phrase, *me complaindre*; and is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !
Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell : I must to Coventry :
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Duch. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth where
it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun ;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo ! this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so :
Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what ?—
With all good speed at Plashy⁷ visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls⁸,

⁷ *Plashy*, i. e. *her house in Essex*.

⁸ In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenterhooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. (See the Preface to *The Northumberland Household Book*, by Dr. Percy.) The *offices* of our old English mansions were the rooms designed for keeping the various stores of provisions, bread, wine, ale, &c. and for culinary purposes. They were always situate within the house, on the ground-floor (for there were no subterraneous rooms till about the middle of the reign of Charles I.), and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board by the sewers, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, these offices were all thrown open, and unlimited license given to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. The duchess therefore laments that, in consequence of the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end ; “the walls are unfurnished, the lodging rooms empty, and the *offices* unpeopled. All is solitude ; her groans are the only welcome that her guests can expect.” Malone reads *cheer* instead of *hear*, professing to follow the first quarto, but all the old copies have *heare*.

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
 And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Gosford Green, near Coventry. *Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c. attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE¹.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points: and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
 For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his Throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
 The cause of his arrival here in arms:
 Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
 To swear him in the justice of his cause.

¹ The Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey (Thomas Holland) officiated. While serving that office he is addressed as Marshal, or Lord Marshal, and in the old copies *Mar.* is the prefix to the speeches. It has therefore been supposed that Shakespeare has made a slight mistake by introducing that nobleman as a distinct person from the marshal in the present drama. Edward Duke of *Aumerle* (so created by his cousin-german Richard II. in 1397), was the eldest son of Edward Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III. officiated as high constable at the lists of Coventry. He was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms :
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel :
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath ;
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk² ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heaven^a defend, a knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his³ succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[*He takes his seat.*]

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour ;
preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st
thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists ?

² The Duke of Hereford, being the appellant, entered the lists first, according to the historians.

^a The quartos here have God.

³ "*His succeeding issue*" is the reading of the first folio : the quartos all read *my*. It is evident that the succeeding issue of the king is meant. In defence of *my*, the reading adopted by him, Johnson remarks that "Norfolk's issue were in peril of attainer, so that he might come on their account among other motives.

Against whom com'st thou ; and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists ;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right⁴,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear ;
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord [*To Lord Marshal*], I take my leave
of you ;—

Of you, my noble consin, Lord Aumerle ;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death ;

⁴ Thus all the quartos. The folio has *just*

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[*To GAUNT.*

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish⁵ new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive !

[*He takes his seat.*

Nor. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast
my lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest⁶,

⁵ The earlier quarto has *furnish*.

⁶ To *jest*, in old language, sometimes signified *to play a part in*

Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord : securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry
—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer*] to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants. [*A Charge sounded.*]
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder⁷ down.

a masque. Thus in Hieronymo :—

“ He promised us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.”

And accordingly a masque is performed.

⁷ A warder was a kind of truncheon or staff carried by persons who presided at these single combats ; the throwing down of which seems to have been a solemn act of prohibition to stay proceedings. A different movement of the warder had an opposite effect. In Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*, Erpingham is represented throwing it up as a signal for a charge.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again :
Withdraw with us :—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*

Draw near, [To the Combatants.

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords ;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on^a
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep^b ;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories :—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life^b
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,——

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,

^a The old copies have "set on you." Pope made the transposition.

^b The five lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b Thus all the quartos. The folio has "upon pain of death" here, but afterwards, in the king's address to Norfolk, has "upon pain of life."

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The fly-slow⁹ hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—
The hopeless word¹⁰ of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life¹¹.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth
A dearer merit¹² ; not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego :
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,

⁹ The first folio reads "*sly-slow* hours." Pope reads "*fly-slow* hours," which is the reading of *all* the copies of the second folio I have seen, and conveys an image highly beautiful and just. It is remarkable that Pope, in the fourth book of his *Essay on Man*, v. 226, has employed the epithet which, in the present instance, he rejected :—

"All *sly slow* things with circumspective eyes."
For the use of *dear* in the next line see *Twelfth Night*, Act v. Sc. 1, note 4, p. 437.

¹⁰ *Word*, for *sentence*; any short phrase was called a *word*. Thus Aseham, in a Letter to Queen Elizabeth, "Savinge that one unpleasaunte *word* in that Patent, called '*Duringe pleasure*,' turned me after to great displeasure."—*Conway Papers*.

¹¹ The quartos here and in the king's speech to Hereford have "upon pain of *life*." The folio has *death* in the former, and *life* in the latter place.

¹² As Shakespeare used *merit* in this place for the thing *merited*, in the sense of *reward*, he frequently uses the word *meed*, which properly signifies *reward*, to express *merit*. Thus in *Timon of Athens* :—

"No *meed* but he repays
Sevenfold above itself."

And in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*—

"We are the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our *meeds*."

Again, in the same play, *King Henry* says :—

"Thou'rt not my fear, my *meed* hath got me fame."

Than an unstringed viol or a harp :
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my jailer to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be so passionate¹³ ;
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
 (Our part therein we banish with yourselves),
 To keep the oath that we administer :—
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
 Nor ever look upon each other's face ;
 Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
 Nor ever by advised¹⁴ purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,

¹³ The old copies have *compassionate*, evidently an error of the press, for "*so passionate?*" which gives the required meaning to the passage; *passionate* being frequently used to express *passion* or *grief*, to *complain*. "Now leave we this amorous hermit to *nassionate* and *playne* his misfortune."—*Palace of Pleasure*, vol. ii. ll. 5:—

"And cannot *passionate* our tenfold griefs."

Tit. Andron. Act iii. Sc. 2.

¹⁴ *Advised*, i. e. *premeditated*, *deliberated*. In this line and two preceding ones the quartos read "*Nor never.*"

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy¹⁵;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit* ¹⁵.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*To BOLING.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,

¹⁵ *So far as to mine enemy.* The first folio reads, "So fare." This line seems to be addressed by way of caution to Mowbray, lest he should think that Bolingbroke was about to conciliate him. Mr. Collier retains the old reading, explaining it "So fare as I wish mine enemy to fare." "A mode of expression," says Mr. Dyce, "to which I apprehend no parallel exists in our early writers." *Farre* as it was then written might easily be mistaken for *fare*.

¹⁶ The Duke of Norfolk went to Venice, "where for thought and melancholy he deceased."—*Holinshed*.

He shortens four years of my son's exile :
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow^a,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow¹⁷ :
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death ;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice¹⁸ ;
Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave ;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
sour.

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father :—
[O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :
A partial slander¹⁹ sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd²⁰.]
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

^a So all the quartos. The folios alone have *sudden*.

¹⁷ It is a matter of very melancholy consideration that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good.

¹⁸ *Advice*, i. e. *consideration*.

¹⁹ *A partial slander*, i. e. *the reproach of partiality*.

²⁰ This and the three preceding lines are wanting in the folios.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt K. RICH. and Train.*]

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not
know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I: for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make²¹
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven²² visits,

²¹ This speech and that which follows, down to "and sets it light," are not in the folios.

²² So Nonnus:—"αἰθέρος ὄμμα; i.e. the sun. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece:—

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Think not the king did banish thee ;
 But thou the king²³ ; woe doth the heavier sit,
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not—the king exil'd thee ; or suppose,
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presencestrew'd²⁴ ;
 The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure, or a dance :
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

“ The *eye of heaven* is out.”

And in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. iii. st. 4 :—

“ Her angel face

As the great *eye of heaven* shyned bright.”

²³ Shakespeare probably remembered Euphues' exhortation to Botonio to take his exile patiently. “ Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and carth that he had before ; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze ; where the same sunne and same moone shined : whereby he noted that *every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind*.—When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sinoponetes had banished him from Pontus ; Yca, said he, I them of Diogenes.”

²⁴ We have other allusions to the practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber* in Shakespeare. So in *Cymbeline* :—

“ Tarquin thus

Did softly press the *rushes* ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.”

See Hentzner's account of the *presence chamber* in the palace at Greenwich, 1598.—*Itiner.* p. 135.

The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand²⁵,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites²⁶, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,——

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman²⁷.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV *The same. A Room in the King's Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN;
AUMERLE *meeting.*

K. Rich. We did observe¹.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

²⁵ There is a passage resembling this in the fifth book of Cicero's *Tusculan Questions*, which were translated and published by John Dolman, in 1561. There is also something which might serve for a hint in *Euphues*.

²⁶ The quarto 1597 has "when *he* bites." The personal for the impersonal pronoun was used in our earlier language. *It* refers to *tooth* here, and not to sorrow.

²⁷ Dr. Johnson thought that the first act should end here.

¹ The king here addressed Green and Bagot, who, we may suppose, had been talking to him of Bolingbroke's "courtship to the common people," at the time of his departure. "Yes," says Richard, "we did observe it."

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were
shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none for² me: except the north-east
wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum: and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted
with him?

Aum. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy³, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;

² The first folio and the quarto of 1597 read "'Faith, none for me," i. e. none *for my part*. It was changed to "none *by me*" in the folio, 1632.

³ The earlier quarto copies read "Ourself and Bushy," and no more. The folio:—

"Ourself, and Bushy here, Bagot, and Greene."

In the quarto the stage-direction says, "Enter the King, with *Bushie*," &c.; but in the folio, "Enter the King, *Aumerle*," &c. because it was observed that Bushy comes in afterward. On this account we have adopted a transposition made in the quarto of 1634.

What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
 Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee⁴,
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;*
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope⁵.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland :—
 Expedient⁶ manage must be made, my liege ;
 Ere farther leisure yield them farther means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
 And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants ;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY hastily.

Bushy, what news ?

⁴ To illustrate this, it should be remembered that *courtesying* (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men.

⁵ *And he, our subjects' next degree in hope.* " *Spes altera Romæ.*" *Virg.*

⁶ Shakespeare often uses *expedient* for *expeditious* ; but here its ordinary signification of *fit, proper*, will suit the context equally well.

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
'Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a Couch*; the DUKE OF YORK¹, and
others standing by him.

Gaunt.

WILL the king come? that I may breathe my
last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain.
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
pain.

¹ Edmond Duke of York was the fifth son of Edward III. and was born, in 1441, at Langley, near St. Albans, Herts; from whence he had his surname. "He was of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion."—*Lowth's William of Wykeham*, p. 205.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose²;
 More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
 The setting sun, and musick at the close³,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
 Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
 As, praises of his state: then, there are found⁴
 Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen:
 Report of fashions in proud Italy⁵;
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
 Limp after, in base imitation.
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile),
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard⁶.
 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;

² To *glose* is to *insinuate*, to *lie*, to *flatter*.

³ Shakespeare evidently means no more than that music is sweetest at its close; or when the last sounds rest on the delighted ear. So in *K. Henry V.* "Congreeing in a full and natural close like musick."

⁴ The two early quartos read: "As praises of whose taste the wise are found," which Mr. Collier thinks "makes admirable sense if we read *fond* for *found*." I must confess myself so dull as not to perceive it. It is remarkable that *taste* has been printed for *'state* in a passage of *Coriolanus*, Act iii. Sc. 1, which has hitherto baffled the commentators.

⁵ The poet has charged the times of King Richard II. with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in his own time, and much lamented by the wisest of our ancestors.

⁶ *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard*, i. e. *where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding.* *Wit* is often used for *understanding*.

And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves :
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection⁷, and the hand of war ;
 This happy breed of men, this little world ;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happy lands⁸ ;
 'This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 'This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed⁹, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry),
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,

⁷ The poet may allude to the *infection* of vicious manners and customs. Farmer proposed to read *infection*.

⁸ The old copies have *less happier lands*. It seems probable that this is a misprint for *happy*, the old orthography being *happie*.

⁹ *Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth*, i. e. by reason of their breed. The folio reads thus :—

“*Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.*”

In Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1598, we have a passage resembling this :—“*My lordes of Buda, feared for your valour, and famous for your victories, let not the private will of one be the ruin of a mighty kingdom.*”

Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it),
 Like to a tenement, or pelting¹⁰ farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others.
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah ! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

Enter KING RICHARD, and Queen¹¹ ; AUMERLE,
 BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS¹², and WIL-
 LOUGHBY¹³.

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
 For young hot colts, being rein'd¹⁴, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. What, comfort, man ! How is't with aged
 Gaunt ?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition !
 Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?

¹⁰ " In this 22d yeare of King Riehard, the common fame ranne
 that the king had *letten to farne* the realme unto Sir William
 Scrope, Earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr
 John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Greene, Knightes."
Fabian. *Pelting is paltry, pitiful, petty.*

¹¹ Shakespeare has deviated from historical truth in the intro-
 duction of Richard's queen as a woman ; for Anne, his first wife,
 was dead before the period at which the commencement of the
 play is laid ; and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the
 time of his death.

¹² i. e. William Lord Ross, of Hamlake, afterwards lord trea-
 surer to Henry IV.

¹³ William Lord Willoughby, of Eresby.

¹⁴ The old copies have *rag'd*. I adopt Ritson's correction of
rein'd, as affording much better sense. The corrector of Mr. Col-
 lier's folio would substitute *urg'd*.

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks ;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their
names¹⁵ ?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live ?

Gaunt. No, no ; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st
me.

Gaunt. Oh ! no ; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee
ill ;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy deathbed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick :
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

¹⁵ Upon this question of the king Coleridge observes:—"Yes! on a death-bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and therefore as appropriately to the drama, as by gesticulation, looks, or tones. This belongs to human nature as such, independently of associations and habits from any particular rank of life or mode of employment."

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land ;
 O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame ,
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Which art possess'd¹⁶ now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease :
 But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so !
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
 Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law¹⁷ ;
 And——

K. Rich. And thou—a lunatick lean-witted foo.,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek ; chasing¹⁸ the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O ! spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd :
 My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)

¹⁶ i. e. *mad*. A play upon the word *possessed*.

¹⁷ “ Thy legal state, that rank in the state and these large demesnes, which the constitution allotted thee, are now bonds slave to the law ; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelting farm that has been let on lease.”

The first folio prints the preceding line :—

“ Landlord of England art thou, *and* not king.”

The quartos repeat the word *not*.

¹⁸ The folio erroneously has *chafing*.

May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
 Join with the present sickness that I have,
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave;
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens
 have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness and age in him:
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,
 so his:

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
 majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be¹⁹:
 So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns²⁰;

¹⁹ *His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be*, i. e. "our pilgrimage is yet to come."

²⁰ *Kernes* were Irish peasantry, serving as light-armed foot

Which live like venom, where no venom else,
 But only they, hath²¹ privilege to live.
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
 Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
 Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
 About his marriage²², nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
 In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
 But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends: his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,

soldiers. Shakespeare makes York say, in the 2d Part of King Henry V. that Cade, when in Ireland, used to disguise himself as a *shag-haired crafty kerne*. "The kerne is an ordinary foot soldier, according to Stanihurst; kerne (*higheyren*) signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than *rake hells*, or the devil's *black-garde*."—*Description of Ireland*, ch. 8, fol. 28.

²¹ The old copies read *have*. This alludes to the idea that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland.

²² When the Duke of Hereford went into France after his banishment, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York. O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?
 Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Hereford live ?
 Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
 Is not his heir a well deserving son ?
 'Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights ;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 Now, afore God ! (God forbid, I say true !)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attornies-general to sue
 His livery²³, and deny his offer'd homage,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our
 hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while : My liege, farewell :

²³ On the death of every person who held by knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's ; but if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, i. e. *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. To "*deny his offer'd homage*" was to refuse to admit the homage by which he was to hold his lands.—*Malcne.*

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. *[Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *[Flourish.*

*[Exeunt King, Queen, BUSHY, AUMERLE,
GREEN, and BAGOT.]*

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with
silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal²⁴ tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er
speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou would'st speak, to the duke
of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs
are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.

²⁴ *Liberal*, i. e. *free*.

The king is not himself, but basely led
 By flatterers ; and what they will inform,
 Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
 That will the king severely prosecute
 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd²⁵ with grievous
 taxes,

And quite lost their hearts : the nobles hath he fin'd
 For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd ;
 As blanks²⁶, benevolences, and I wot not what :
 But what, o'God's name, doth become of this ?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath
 not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
 That which his ancestors²⁷ achiev'd with blows :
 More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
 man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
 His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
 But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman ; most degenerate king !
 But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing²⁸,
 Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :

²⁵ *Pill'd*, i. e. *pillaged*, *plundered*.

²⁶ Stow records that Richard II. "compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seales to *blankes*, to the end he might, if it pleased him, opprress them severally, or all at once: some of the commons paid him 1000 marks, some 1000 pounds," &c.

²⁷ The quartos have:—

"That which his *noble* ancestors," &c.

The redundant word is omitted in the folio of 1623.

²⁸ So in the *Tempest*:—

"Another *storm* brewing ; I *hear it sing* in the wind."

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish²⁹.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of
death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost
ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but our³⁰ thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a
bay.
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald Lord Cob-
ham³¹,

²⁹ "And yet we strike not *our sails*, but perish by *too great confidence in our security*:" this is another Latinism. *Securely* is used in the sense of *securus*. *Unavoided*, in the next line but one, is used for *unavoidable*.

³⁰ The old copy reads "*as thoughts*." The correction, which the context warrants, is proposed in Mr. Collier's folio.

³¹ Malone inserted the following line in brackets, which he thought was necessary to complete the sense:—

"[The son of Richard Earl of Arundel.]"

The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus:—"About the same time the Earle of Arundel's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry, chiefly through the earnest persuasion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbishop of Canterburie (who, as you have before heard, had been removed from his see, and banished the realme by King Richard's means), got him down to Britaine: and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbishoppe of Canterhurie, and his nephew Thomas Arundelle, son and heyre to the late Earle of Arundelle, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Regenalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.—*Holinshed*, p. 1105, ed. 1577.

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
 His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
 Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
 Quoint,——

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are making hither with all due expedience³²,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
 Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp³³ out our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that
 fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

³² *Expedience*, i. e. *expedition*.

³³ When the wing feathers of a hawk were dropped or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called "to *imp* a hawk." It is often used metaphorically, as in this instance. The word is said to come from the Saxon *impan*, to graft, or inoculate. Milton has it in one of his Sonnets:—

"To *imp* their serpent wings."

And Dryden:—

"His navy's molten wings he *imp'd* once more."

To lay aside life-harming heaviness¹,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please myself,
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard : Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles : at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so :
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
Like perspectives², which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not ; more's not
seen :

¹ *Life-harming heaviness.* So the first two quartos ; the other two have "*half-harming*," the folio "*self-harming*."

² It has been shown in a former note that *perspective* meant optical deceptions of the kind called anamorphosis. Thus Hobbes, in his Answer to Davenant's Preface to Gondibert :—" You have seen a curious kinde of *perspective*, where, he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass."—See *Humane Industry, or the Manual Arts*, 1651. This is again alluded to in *Twelfth Night*, Act v. Sc. 1 :—

" A natural *perspective*, that is, and is not "

Thus also in Henry V.—" My Lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turned into a maid." See vol. iii. p. 443, note 11.

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though in thinking on no thought, I think³,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit⁴, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known what,
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met,
gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his
power⁵,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,

³ *As,—though in thinking on no thought, I think.* The old copies, except the first quarto, which has *though* for *thought* by mistake, read "As though on thinking," &c. Johnson substituted *in* for *on*, explaining the passage thus:—"As,—though musing, I have no distinct idea of calamity." It seems to me that reading *in* for *on*, and the punctuation adopted, make all clear. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *unthinking*, which conveys an absurd counter sense. The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometimes felt, is here very forcibly described."

⁴ *Conceit*, i. e. *fanciful conception*. There is an old proverb:—"Conceit can kill; Conceit can cure."

⁵ *Retir'd his power*, i. e. *drawn it back*; a French sense.

Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry
Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-
land,

And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors⁶?

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir⁷:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,

⁶ Thus the quartos, 1597 and 1598. The folio omits *all*, and the quartos, 1608 and 1615, read—

“And the rest of the revolting faction, traitors?”

⁷ The queen had said before, that “some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming toward her.” She talks afterward of her unknown griefs “being begotten;” she calls Green “the midwife of her woe;” and then means to say in the same metaphorical style, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her “sorrow's dismal heir,” and explains more fully in the following line:—

“Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy.”

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
O, full of careful business are his looks !——
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts⁸ :]
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.——
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was ?——Why, so !——go all which way it
will !——

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.——
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :——
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave ?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes

⁸ This line is wanting in the folios.

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God
(So my untruth⁹ had not provok'd him to it),
The king had cut off my head with my brother's¹⁰.—
What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister¹¹,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon
me.—

Go, fellow [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, provide
some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley¹².
I should to Plashy too;—
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

⁹ *Untruth*, i. e. *disloyalty, treachery*.

¹⁰ Not one of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the king or any one else. Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was smothered or strangled at Calais. The poet may have confounded the death of Arundel, who was beheaded, with that of Gloucester.

¹¹ This is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

¹² So all the quartos; the folio adds *castle*.

But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their
love

Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
Castle;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except like curs to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever¹³.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot.

I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹³ Thus the quartos. The folio gives this line to Bushy, and the next speech to Green.

SCENE III. *The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way

From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company :

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit that I possess :

And hope to joy¹, is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

¹ To joy is here used for to enjoy.

The household of the king.

North.

What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,

To offer service to the duke of Hereford;

And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover

What power the duke of York had levied there;

Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-
mour;

None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-
loughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords : I wot your love pursues

A banish'd traitor : all my treasury

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,

Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster² ;
And I am come to seek that name in England :
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out³ :—
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will),
From the most gracious⁴ regent of this land,
The duke of York ; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time⁵,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you ;

² "Your message, you say, is to my lord of *Hereford*. My answer is, It is not to him, it is to the *Duke of Lancaster*."

³ "How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memory was damned, I could show at large."—*Camden's Remaines*, 1605, p. 136.

⁴ *Gracious* is the reading of the quarto 1597, all the other old copies read *glorious*.

⁵ *The absent time*, i. e. *the time of the king's absence*.

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle !

[*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable⁶ and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle⁷ :

I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?

But then more why^a ;——Why have they dar'd to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And ostentation of disposed⁸ arms ?

Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;

O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chástise thee,

And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;
On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

⁶ *Deceivable*, i. e. *able to deceive, deceiving*. See Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 3.

⁷ In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the same kind of phrascology :—

“Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.”

^a *But then more why?* i. e. *But to add more questions*. Thus the first quarto, the subsequent copies have, “But more then why?” perverting the old idiom.

⁸ The old copies have “ostentation of *despoised* arms,” of which it would be difficult to conceive the meaning. It seems probable that it is a typographical error for *disposed*. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *despoiling*, a very unlikely word.

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent⁹ eye :
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs¹⁰, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery¹¹ here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave :
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And challenge law : Attornies are denied me ;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

⁹ *Indifferent* is *impartial*. The instances of this use of the word among the poet's contemporaries are very numerous. So, in King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4, Queen Katharine says:—

“ Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge *indifferent*.”

See Baret's *Alvearie*, in letter I, 108, where he translates “ *Acquis judex*, a just and *indifferent* judge ; nothing partial.”

¹⁰ *Wrongs* is probably here used for *wrongers*.

¹¹ See the former scene, p. 402, note 23.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon¹² to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right :
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own : and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

¹² Steevens explains the phrase, *It stands your grace upon*, to mean, "It is your interest ; it is matter of consequence to you." But hear Baret, "The heyre is bound ; the heyre ought, or it is the heyre's part to defend ; *it standeth him upon* ; or is in his charge. *Incumbit defensio mortis hæredi.*" The phrase is therefore equivalent to, *It is incumbent upon your grace*. Shakespeare uses it again in *King Richard III* :—

"*It stands me much upon*

To stop all hopes whose growth may danger me."

Sir N. Throckmorton, writing to Queen Elizabeth, says, "Howsoever things do fall out, *it standeth* your majestie so *uppon*, for your own suretie and reputation to be well ware," &c.—*Conway Papers*. Vide *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2. "*It lies you on*" is used in *Coriolanus* in the same sense.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol Castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll
pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care¹³.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV¹. *A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY², and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: Farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd³,

¹³ "Things without remedy
Should be without regard."—*Macbeth*.

¹ Johnson thought this scene had been by some accident transposed, and that it should stand as the *second* scene in the *third* act.

² John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

³ This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. The poet received the hint from Holinshed "In this yeare, in a manner throughout all the realme of Englande, old baie trees withered," &c. This, as it appears from T. Lupton's Syxt Booke of Notable Things, bl. 4to. was esteemed a bad omen. "Neyther falling sickness, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place whereas a bay tree is. The Romaines call it the plant of the good angel," &c. See also Evelyn's Sylva, 4to. 1776. p. 396.

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings⁴.—
 Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes :
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
 PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS : Officers behind with
 BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

Bolingbroke.

BRING forth these men.—
 Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must part your
 bodies),

With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

⁴ The words *or fall* are wanting in all copies after the first quarto.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;
Broke the possession of a royal bed¹,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood ; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
While you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispark'd² my parks, and fell'd my forest woods ;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress³, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death :—See them deliver'd
over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

¹ There seems to be no authority for this. Isabel, Richard's second queen, was but nine years old at this period ; his first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and he was very fond of her.

² To *dispark* signifies to *divest a park of its name and character*, by destroying the enclosures, and the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood), and the beasts of the chase therein ; laying it open.

³ The *impress* was a *device, or motto*. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1588, observes that "the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed wheresoever they are fixed or set." For the punishment of a base knight see Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, b. v. c. iii. st. 37.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and Others,
with BUSHY and GREEN.

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house ;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated⁴ :
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away :
To fight with Glendower and his complices ;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt*⁵.

SCENE II. *The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

Flourish : Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they¹ this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord : how brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well ; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting ;

⁴ *Entreated*, i. e. *treated*. In the next line, *commends* is *commendations*.

⁵ Johnson says "here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act," but such a change is needless, and would be injudicious.

¹ The quarto of 1597 reads *they*. All the later copies *you*.

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's² arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord ; that Power, that made
you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
[The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd³,
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends^a.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid

² *Rebellion's arms.* So the first two quartos ; the other old copies have *rebellious*.

³ This and the three following lines are wanting in the folio. *If* is wanting in the second line, and there are other misprints in the old quartos. At the end of Aumerle's speech all the quartos have "great in substance and in power." The folio changes *power* to *friends*.

^a Thus the folio ; the quartos have *power* instead of *friends*.

Behind the globe, and⁴ lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage, boldly⁵ here;
 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines⁶,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
 [Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,]⁷—
 Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day;
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord⁸:
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,

⁴ The old copies read "*that* lights," &c. The alteration was made by Johnson.

⁵ The quarto, 1597, has *bouldy*, a misprint for *bouldly*; all the other editions read erroneously *bloody*.

⁶ "It is not easy," says Steevens, "to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this in any poet, ancient or modern." In the next line some of the old copies have *lightening* instead of *light*, an evident misprint.

⁷ This line is wanting in the folio.

⁸ Here is the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and of the passive obedience of subjects, expressed in the strongest terms. Johnson observes that it has been the fashion to impute the origin of every tenet which we have been taught to think false or foolish to the reign of King James I. But this doctrine was never carried further in any country, than in this island, while the house of Tudor sat on the throne.

Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard⁹ majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names¹⁰?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

⁹ *Awake, thou sluggard majesty!* Thus the folio. All the quartos have "*coward majesty.*" The following words "*thou sleep'st*" are decidedly in favour of the reading of the folio.

¹⁰ So in King Richard III.—

"Besides the king's name is a tower of strength."
See a speech of Antigonus, in Plutarch, of this kind. Vol. ii. 4to. p. 199, Gr. The quartos have *twenty* thousand.

Ye favourites of a king ; Are we not high ?
High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here ?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd¹¹
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care ?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so :
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God, as well as us :
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay :
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty ; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their feeble joints¹²

¹¹ "It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive ; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious."—*Johnson.*

¹² This speech is incorrectly printed in the folio. We have "white beares" for "white beards," and "clap their female joints" for "clasp their feeble joints."

In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown :
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 Of double-fatal yew¹³ against thy state ;
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills :
 Against thy seat both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill :
 Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
 What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,
 my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !
 Three Judasès, each one thrice worse than Judas !
 Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence¹⁵ !

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate ;—
 Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands : those whom you
 curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound¹⁶,
 And lie full low, grav'd¹⁷ in the hollow ground.

¹³ *Yew* is called *double-fatal*, because of the poisonous quality of the leaves, and on account of the wood being used for instruments of death. From some ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood.

¹⁵ The word *offence* is wanting in the quartos.

¹⁶ The folio has *hand*.

¹⁷ *Grav'd*, i. e. *buried*. The verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare. We have it in Gower, and in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth *Æneid* :—

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small module¹⁸ of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd¹⁹;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antick sits²⁰,

“Cinders, think'st thou, mind this, or *graved* ghosts?”
Shakespeare uses it again in *Timon of Athens*:—

“Ditches *grave* you all.”

George Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, makes the Duke of Suffolk say:—

“And my hedles body, vouchsafe to se it *graved*.”

¹⁸ A *small module*, or *model*, for they were the same in Shakespeare's time, seems to mean in this place a *small portion* or *quantity*. It is a Latinism from “*modulus*, the *measure* or *quantity* of a thing.”

¹⁹ *Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed*. Elliptical for the ghosts of those they have deposed.

²⁰ It is not impossible that Shakespeare borrowed this idea from that beautiful emblematic book of engravings on wood the *Dance of Death*, or *Imagines Mortis*, attributed to Holbein. See the seventh print. Mr. Douce gave a copy of this print in his illustrations, and it is also to be found in Mr. Knight's edition of Shakespeare.

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition²¹, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends :—Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
 woes²²,

But presently prevent the ways to wail :
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 [And so your follies fight against yourself²³.]
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
 And fight and die, is death destroying death²⁴ ;
 Where²⁵ fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him ;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Boling-
 broke, I come
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;

²¹ *Tradition* here means *traditional practices*, i. e. *established or customary homage*.

²² Thus the quartos. The folio reads :—

“ My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes.”

²³ This line is wanting in the folio.

²⁴ That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers.

²⁵ *Where* is here used for *whereas*.

An easy task it is, to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day :
So may you by my dull and heavy eye ;
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party²⁶.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth.

[*To AUMERLE.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more²⁷.
Go to Flint Castle ; there I'll pine away ;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
To ear²⁸ the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none :—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,

²⁶ The folio has—"Upon his *faction*."

²⁷ "This sentiment," says Johnson, "is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts, which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer."

²⁸ To ear the land is to till it, to plough it, from the Saxon *epuan*. So in All's Well that Ends Well :—

"He that ears my land, spares my team."

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence :—Away,
 From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Wales. *A Plain before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces ; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
 The Welshmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
 With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord ;
 Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
 To say—King Richard :—Alack the heavy day,
 When such a sacred king should hide his head !

North. Your grace mistakes ; only to be brief,
 Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
 Would you have been so brief with him, he would
 Have been so brief with you, to shorten you
 For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you
 should,

Lest you mis-take : The heavens are o'er our heads¹.

Boling. I know it, uncle ; and oppose not
 Myself against their will.—But who comes here ?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry ; what, will not this castle yield ?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,

¹ So the two earliest quartos. The folio has "o'er your head."

Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy.

Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king: King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. O! Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord^a, [To NORTH

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person: hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,

And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the
Castle, with a Trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

^a Shakespeare frequently, in his addresses to persons, begins with an hemistich; and sometimes blends short prosaic sentences with his metrical dialogues.

That from the castle's totter'd² battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
 Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock³
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A Parley sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear⁴,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun
 From out the fiery portal of the east ;
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.
 Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty ; Alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harm⁵ should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amaz'd ; and thus long have we
 stood

² *Totter'd* is the reading of the two first quartos, which Boswell suggested was probably used for *tottering*, according to the usage of our poet elsewhere. The other copies read *tatter'd*, meaning *ragged*. See King John, Act v. Se. 5, note 1, p. 349.

³ Thus the quarto 1597 ; the other copies have *smoke*.

⁴ The six first lines of this speech are erroneously given to Bolingbroke, in the old copies, who is thus absurdly made to condemn his own conduct, and disculpate the king's.

⁵ *Storme* is substituted in both mine and Mr. Collier's corrected copies of the second folio, but surely without necessity

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget

To pay their awful duty to our presence ?

If we be not, show us the hand of God

That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think, that all, as you have done,

Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,

And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;——

Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,

Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,

Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike

Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,

That lift your vassal hands against my head,

And threat the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he stands),

That every stride he makes upon my land,

Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope

The purple testament⁶ of bleeding war ;

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's face⁷ ;

⁶ Shakespeare uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. Thus in Julius Cæsar :—

“ Now while your *purpled* hands do reek and smoke.”

Mr. Whiter, in his *Specimen of a Commentary*, p. 108, cites the following apposite line from “ *Jeronimo*,” in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii :—

“ Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war.”

Mr. Whiter thinks that the idea of a book with purple covering was in the poet's mind. May it not rather have been the illuminations of old MSS.?

⁷ i. e. *England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England's*

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend⁸ to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king re-
turns;

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:

soil. The same mode of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2:—"Opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, ed. 1633:—"The sweet and beautiful *flower of her face*." And Drayton, in *Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Isabel*:—

"And in the field advance our plumy crest,
And march upon fair England's *flow'ry breast*."

There is a similar image in the first part of *K. Henry IV. Sc. 1*:—

"No more the thirsty entrance of the soil
Shall daub *her lips* with her own children's blood."

Commend for commit. Vide *Macbeth*, vol. ix. p. 30, note 4

With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[To AUMERLE.

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of
mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth⁹! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he
submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel¹⁰, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood:

Sooth is sweet, as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*. Thus to *sooth* still means to calm and sweeten the mind.

¹⁰ Richard's expense in regard to dress was very extraordinary. "He had one coate which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 3000 marks."—*Holinshed*.

My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade¹¹, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
 And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
 Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
 As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg¹², and Bolingbroke says—ay¹³.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering¹⁴
 Phaeton,

¹¹ *Some way of common trade*, is some way of frequent resort, a common course; as, at present, "a road of much traffic," i. e. frequent resort.

¹² *Make a leg*, i. e. make an obeisance, a phrase scarcely yet obsolete.

¹³ It should be remembered that the affirmative particle *ay* was formerly written and sounded *I*, which rhymed well with *die*.

¹⁴ *Glistering Phaeton*. The epithet translates the name. Compare Theocritus, Idyl. xxv. v. 141, and numerous other passages.

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. *retires to* BOLING.

In the base court? Base court¹⁵, where kings grow
base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down,
king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
sing. [Exeunt from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North.

Sorrow and grief of heart

Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:

Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,

And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,—

[Kneeling.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:

Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least [*touching his own head*], although
your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve
to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—

¹⁵ That is, *the lower court of the castle; basse cour*, Fr. Thus in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey:—"My lord being advertised that the duke was coming, even at hand, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the *base court*."—Edition 1825, p. 211.

Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
 Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.
 What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
 For do we must, what force will have us do.—
 Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no¹⁶.
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Langley. *The Duke of York's
 Garden.*

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
 garden,
 To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. "Twill make me think,
 The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
 Runs 'gainst the bias¹.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief ;

¹⁶ "The duke, with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the king's horses ; and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth : the king was set on one, and the Earle of Salisburie on the other ; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the Duke of Gloucester's sonne (that loved him but little, for he had put their father to death), who led him straight to the castle."—STOWE (p. 521, edit. 1605), from a manuscript account written by a person who was present.

¹ *The bias* was a weight inserted in one side of a bowl, which gave it a particular inclination in bowling. "To run against the bias" became a proverb, by which the Latin adage, *Invita Minerva*, is rendered in Withal's Dictionary. See King John, Act ii. Sc. 2, note 28, p. 286.

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady*. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy²?

1 *Lady*. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it boots³ not to complain.

1 *Lady*. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1 *Lady*. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing⁴, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe⁵.

[*Queen and Ladies retire*

² All the old copies read—"Of sorrow or of grief." Pope made the necessary alteration.

³ *It boots*, i. e. *profits*, *helps*. See note on Act i. Sc. 1, p. 374.

⁴ *And I could sing*. This is the reading of all the old copies. It was altered to *weep* by Pope. If the old reading is retained, we must suppose it to mean—My state is so desperate, that the discovery that would help it would be occasion for joy. But I must confess I incline to Pope's correction, and cannot perceive the "fine logic" of the passage as it stands.

⁵ The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots⁶ disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace :—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh ! what pity it is,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden ! We⁷ at time of year

⁶ *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersected each other in the old fashion of gardening.
So Milton :—

“ Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
Pour'd forth.”

We is not in the old copy. It was added by Malone.

Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees ;
 Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound itself :
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches⁸
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What ! think you then, the king shall be
 depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,
 'Tis doubt⁹, he will be : Letters came last night
 To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death, through want of
 speaking¹⁰ !— [*Coming from her concealment.*
 Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
 How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleas-
 ing news ?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?
 Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd ?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,

⁸ So the quartos and first folio. *All*, was inserted probably on account of the metre in the folio 1632. Three lines lower the folio has—"Which waste *and* idle hours."

⁹ 'Tis doubt. This uncommon phraseology has already occurred in the present play :—

"He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis doubt
 When time shall call him home," &c.

The folio, 1623, reads—" 'Tis doubted." It also omits *good* in the next line, and *then* in the speech of the 1st Servant.

¹⁰ O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking. Malone is probably right in thinking that there is an allusion to the *peine forte et dure*, a system of legal torture inflicted on those who, being arraigned, refused to plead,—they were often literally *pressed to death* through want of speaking.

Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this¹¹ news; yet, what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What! was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no
worse,

I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall¹² a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*]

¹¹ See note on *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 144. The folios and quarto, 1597, has "*these* news." A very remarkable instance of the uncertainty of our ancestors in treating this word as *singular* or *plural*. See *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 180.

¹² Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1598 and the folio read *drop*. Shakespeare elsewhere uses *fall* in an active sense.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall¹.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY², NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.

Bolingbroke.

ALL forth Bagot:—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless³ end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know, your daring
tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted.

I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*

That reacheth from the restful English court

As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?

Amongst much other talk, that very time,

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

¹ The rebuilding of Westminster Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

² Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, brother to John Holland, Earl of Exeter, was created Duke of Surrey in 1597. He was half-brother to the king, by his mother Joan, who married Edward the Black Prince after the death of her second husband Thomas Lord Holland.

³ *Timeless*, i. e. *untimely*. Vide note on King Henry VI. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4.

The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man ?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars⁴,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell ; I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base,
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies⁵,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

⁴ The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by *stars* ; therefore the poet, with his allowed lieenee, takes *stars* for birth. We learn from Pliny's Nat. Hist. that the vulgar error assigned the brightest and fairest stars to the rich and great :—"Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus," &c. lib. i. c. viii.

⁵ This is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars, explained in the preceding note. Fitzwater throws down his gage as a pledge of battle, and tells Aumerle that if he stands upon sympathies, that is upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature ; and hence the poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. [I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;⁶
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun⁷: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at
all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast⁸,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.]

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

⁶ This and the seven next lines are not in the folios. "To task the earth," is to burden it with something to be done, which he does by throwing down his glove. Some of the quartos read *take*.

⁷ i. e. *from sunrise to sunset*. So in *Cymbeline*:—

"*Imo.* How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?"

Pisa. One score 'twixt *sun and sun*,

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too."

The old quartos read—"From *sin to sin*." The emendation is Steevens's.

⁸ "A thousand hearts are great within my bosom."

King Richard III.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey.

Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness⁹,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world¹⁰,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this¹¹,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and seignories. When he's return'd,

⁹ I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So in *Macbeth*:—

“Or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword.”

Thus also in *The Lover's Progress*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

“Maintain thy treason with thy sword? with what

Contempt I hear it! *in a wilderness*

I durst encounter it.”

¹⁰ i. e. *in this world, where I have just begun to be an actor*
Surrey has just called him *boy*. Or it may relate to the new dynasty, the new order or state of things.

¹¹ Holinshed says that on this occasion he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth¹²,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Bishop. As surely^a as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the
bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne¹³.

Bishop. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence, may I speak,

¹² This is not historically true. The Duke of Norfolk's death did not take place till after Richard's murder.

^a Thus the quarto, 1597. All the other old copies have "*As sure.*"

¹³ Hume gives the words that Henry actually spoke on this occasion, which he copied from Knyghton, and accompanies them by a very ingenious commentary.—*Hist. of Eng.* 4to. ed. vol. ix. p. 50

Yct best beseeming me to speak the truth.
 Would God, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard; then true nobless¹⁴ would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on his king?
 And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
 Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
 And shall the figure of God's majesty¹⁵,
 His captain, steward, deputy elcct,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forfend¹⁶ it, God,
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:

¹⁴ *Nobless*, i. e. *nobleness*; a word now obsolete, but common in Shakespeare's time. The first quarto alone has *nobless*. All the rest have *nobleness*.

¹⁵ This speech, which contains in the most express terms the doctrine of passive obedience, is founded upon Holinshed's account. The sentiments would not in the reign of Elizabeth or James have been regarded as novel or unconstitutional. It is observable that usurpers are as ready to avail themselves of *divine right* as lawful sovereigns; to dwell upon the sacredness of their persons, and the sanctity of their character. Even that "cutpurse of the empire," Claudius, in Hamlet, affects to believe that—

"Such divinity doth hedge a king."

¹⁶ Thus all the quartos. The folio has *forbid*.

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
 O! if you raise¹⁷ this house against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
 Lest child's child's children¹⁸ cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your
 pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
 My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit¹⁹.

[*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender; so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct²⁰. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—
 Little are we beholding to your love, [*To Bishop.*
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

¹⁷ The folio has *rear*.

¹⁸ *Child's child's children*, i. e. *grandchildren*. Pope altered it to "children's children," and was followed by others. The old copies read, "Lest child, child's children."

¹⁹ What follows, almost to the end of the act, is not found in the first two quartos. The addition was made in the quarto of 1608; in which Bolingbroke's speech forms part of that of Northumberland, but in the folio it is given to Bolingbroke. In the quarto, 1597, after the words "his day of trial," the scene thus closes:—

"*Bol.* Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next
 We solemnly proclaim our coronation.
 Lords, be ready all."

²⁰ *Conduct*, i. e. *conductor*. So in King Henry VI. Part II.—
 "Although thou hast been *conduct* of my shame."

Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee²¹:—
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours²² of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
God save the king! although I be not he:
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown;— [*Seizes the crown.*
Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; and on that
side, yours²³.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes²⁴ two buckets filling one another;

²¹ The quartos read *limbs*.

²² *Favours*, i. e. *countenances, features*.

²³ In the quarto, 1608, and that of 1615, this passage stands:—

“*Rich.* Seaze the crowne

Heere coosin, on this side my hand, on that side yours.”

In the folio:—

“*Rich.* Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize y^e Crown:

Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.”

I have no doubt that the words “Seize the Crown,” were intended as a stage-direction.

²⁴ *Owes*, i. e. *owns, possesses*.

The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are
mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares
down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done²⁵ ;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won :
The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself :—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm²⁶,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous rites²⁷ :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;

²⁵ Shakespeare sometimes obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here that "his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares ;"—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of care to which he had been accustomed.

²⁶ *Balm*, i. e. *oil of consecration*. He has before said, "Not all the water of the rough rude sea, can wash the *balm* from an anointed king."

²⁷ Thus the quartos. The folio has *oaths*.

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
 God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke, are made²⁸ to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
 Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !—
 What more remains ?

North.

No more, but that you read

[*Offering a Paper.*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person, and your followers,
 Against the state and profit of this land ;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them ? If thou would'st²⁹,
 There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
 Containing the deposing of a king, .
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch ; read o'er these articles.

²⁸ Thus the folio. The quartos read *that swear*.

²⁹ That is, *if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds*.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a sort³⁰ of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest: . . .
 For I have given here my soul's consent,
 To undeck the pompous body of a king;
 Made glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
 Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught³¹, insulting
 man,
 Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font,—
 But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good),
 An if my word³² be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight;
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his³³ majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth
 come.

³⁰ A sort is a set company, or pack. So in King Richard III.—

“A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways.”

³¹ *Haught*, i. e. *haughty*. Thus in King Richard III.—

“And the queen's sons and brothers *haught* and proud.”

³² The quartos have *name* instead of *word*.

³³ *His* for *its*. It was common in the poet's time to use the personal for the neutral pronoun, which occurs but twice or thrice throughout his works.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men³⁴? [Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink³⁵:]
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the Glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within³⁶;
And these external manners of laments

³⁴ "To his household came every day to meate ten thousand men."—*Chronicle History*.

³⁵ The quarto omits this line and the four preceding words.

³⁶ "But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."—*Hamlet*.

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects: being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your
sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers³⁷ are you
all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall]³⁸.

[*Exeunt K. RICH. some Lords, and a Guard.*

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle,
and AUMERLE.*

³⁷ To *convey* and its derivatives were formerly often used in an ill sense. Pistol says of stealing "*convey* the wise it call;" and "*to convey*" is the word for slight of hand or juggling. Richard means that it is a term of contempt, "*jugglers* are you all."

³⁸ This is the last of the additional lines first printed in the quarto of 1608. In the first editions there is no personal appearance of King Richard in this act.

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.

Bishop. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?


Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen.

 HIS way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower¹,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;

¹ By *ill-erected* is probably meant *erected for evil purposes*.

Thou map² of honour ; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn³,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother⁴, sweet,
To grim necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken⁵ down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakened ? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts ?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed : if aught but
beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :

² *Model* anciently signified, according to the dictionaries, "the platform or form of any thing." And *map* is used for *picture* resemblance. In *The Rape of Lucrece*, Shakespeare calls sleep "the map of death."

³ *Inn* does not here mean a house of public entertainment, but a dwelling or lodging generally. In which sense the word was anciently used.

⁴ *Sworn brother* alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who, in the age of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together. Vide note on *King Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

⁵ The quartos have *thrown*, which spoils the metre.

Think, I am dead ; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid :
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit⁶ their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale⁷ of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. Mylord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you⁸ :
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all :
He shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;

⁶ *To quit*, is to requite their mournful stories.

⁷ The quartos have *tale*, both folios *fall*, which Malone was induced to think was Shakespeare's own alteration.

⁸ Thus in *Othello* :—

“Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.”

That fear, to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd ?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made⁹.—
Part us, Northumberland : I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;
My wife¹⁰ to France ; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas¹¹, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided ? must we part ?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. ¹²That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France. I for thee here ;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'¹³.

Go, count thy way with sighs ; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way be-
ing short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

⁹ A kiss appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient marriage ceremonies. So in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613, the duke, on parting with his wife, says to her :—

“The kiss thou gav'st me in the church here take.”

¹⁰ The folios have *queen*, but she was no longer queen.

¹¹ *Hallowmas*, *All Hallows*, i. e. All Saints, Nov. 1.

¹² The quartos give this speech to the king.

¹³ *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'*, i. e. “it is better to be at a great distance than being near each other, to find that we are yet not likely to be peaceably and happily united.”

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part :
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good
 part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart¹⁴.

[*Kiss again.*

So now I have mine own again, begone,
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make voe wanton with this fond de-
 lay :

Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke of
 York's Palace.*

*Enter YORK, and his Duchess*¹.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
 When weeping made you break the story off,
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
 Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
 broke,—

¹⁴ So in King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2:—

"The king hath *kill'd* his heart."

¹ The first wife of Edward Duke of York was Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and had by her the Duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her the poet has departed widely from history ; for she died in 1394, four or five years before the events related in the present play. After her death York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, Earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — God save thee, Boling-
broke !

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen :
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard ! where rode² he the
whilst ?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men³,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on⁴ Richard ; no man cried, God save him ;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,

² So the first quarto, the other copies have *rides*.

³ "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language."—*Dryden; Pref. to Troilus and Cressida*.

⁴ The quartos have "on gentle Richard." The folio omits *gentle*, possibly on account of the metre ; but the word is applied to Richard's sorrow a few lines lower, and therefore redundant here.

And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was ,
 But that is lost, for being Richard's friend ;
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland⁵ now :
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets now,
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring⁶ ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;
 God knows, I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this newspring of time,
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
 What news from Oxford ? hold those justs and triumphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not ; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom⁷ ?

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

⁵ "The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon."—*Holinshed*.

⁶ So in Milton's *Song on May Morning* :—

"Who from her *green lap* throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

⁷ The seals of deeds were formerly affixed to them by pendent slips or labels of parchment.

York. No matter then who sees it ;
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,——

Duch. What should you fear ?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day⁸.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not
show it.

York. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason ! foul treason !—villain ! traitor ! slave !

Duch. What is the matter, my lord ?

York. Ho ! who is within there ? [*Enter a Ser-
vant.*] Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord ?

York. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse :—
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*

Duch. What's the matter ?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son ?

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer ?

⁸ The folio omits *day*, which is recovered from the quartos.

Re-enter Servant, with Boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd :

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight.—

[*To the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond⁹ mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch.

He shall be none ;

We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

York. Away,

Fond woman ! were he twenty times my son,

I would appeach him.

Duch.

Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son :

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York.

Make way, unruly woman.

[*Exit.*

⁹ *Fond* here, as in other places, signifies *foolish*.

Duch. After, Aumerle ; mount thee upon his horse ;
Spur, post ; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away !
Begone ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE as King ; PERCY, and other
Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last :—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions ;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
While¹ he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew².

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
prince ;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

¹ The old copies misprint *Which* for *While*. The correction was made by Pope.

² This is a very proper introduction to the future character of King Henry V. to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood, as the poet has described them. But it has been ably contended by Mr. Luders that the whole story of his dissipation was a fiction. At this period (i.e. 1400) he was but twelve years old, being born in 1388.

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through
both

I see some sparks² of better hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and
looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your
majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
alone.— [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but³ the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*AUM. locks the door.*

York. [*Within*⁴.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*

² Thus the first quarto and folios. The other quartos have *sparkles*.

³ The old copies read "If on," &c. Pope made the alteration.

⁴ The old stage direction in the quartos is. "York knocks at the door, and crieth."

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy
king :

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;
Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past :
I do repent me ; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king :
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy !—
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer⁵, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

⁵ *Sheer* is *pellucid*, transparent. So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,
b. iii. c. 2 :—

“ Who having viewed in a fountain *shere*
Her face,” &c.

Again, b. iii. c. 11 :—

“ That she at last came to a fountain *shere*.”

And in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587 :—

“ The water was so pure and *sheere*,” &c.

This deadly blot in thy digressing⁶ son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege ! for God's
sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this
eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king ; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door ;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious
thing,

And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*⁷.—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in ;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man ;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

⁶ Thus in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

“ *Digressing* from the valour of a man.”

To digress is to deviate from what is right or regular.

⁷ It is probable that the old ballad of “ *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid* ” is here alluded to. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. There may have been a popular Interlude on the subject, for the story is alluded to by other cotemporaries of the poet. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 2.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make⁸ here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel⁹ upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. *Kneels*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. *Kneels.*

[Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace¹⁰!]

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

⁸ *What dost thou make here?* i. e. *what dost thou do here?* Thus in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

“What make you here?”

⁹ Thus the folio. The quarto copies read *walk*.

¹⁰ This line is not in the folio.

I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king ; say, *pardonnez moy*¹¹.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word !—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land :
The chopping¹² French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there ;
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !
Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law¹³,—and
the abbot¹⁴,

¹¹ The French *moy* being made to rhyme with *destroy*, would seem to imply that the poet was not well acquainted with the true pronounciation of that language, perhaps it was imperfectly understood in his time by those who had not visited France.

¹² *The chopping French*, i. e. the changing or changeable French. Thus "*chopping churches*" is *changing* one church for another ; and *chopping logic* is *discoursing* or *interchanging* logic with another. To *chop* and *change* is still a common idiom.

¹³ The brother-in-law meant was John Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon (own brother to Edward II.), who had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

¹⁴ i. e. the abbot of Westminster.